The pioneer hookers who really won the West

Is the New Nationalism too late? by Donald Creighton

Running north from America to find home

NOVEMBER 1971 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 35¢

Maclean's



So, who's the greatest hockey player of them all?



For people with a taste for something better.

"When Sun Life asked me to write an insurance ad, I panicked."



My name is Graham Watt. By day, I write advertisements and television commercials. By night, I build my 23-ton 3-masted schooner in which my family and I hope to escape from the humdrum.

So when Sun Life asked me to write an ad about their new Electronic Family Security Programming, I panicked. My idea of security was a neatly folded $50 bill and a note from my mother.

"Never mind", said Sun Life's Dan Fricker, "let's go through an actual interview and see what our computer says about your financial status."

I knew what it would say. It would say, "Watt, you are an idiot".

Anyway, I answered Dan's questions. And let me tell you, a few eyebrows were raised. First, I make good money. But I plan to make a lot less by the time I finish my boat. In other words, I only want enough money to keep my family healthy while we see the world and get brown together.

Not only that, but I plan to retire soon until age 55 and then go back to work until I drop at age 108. At the same time I don't want to end up collecting balls of string or returning empties for a living if my health's impaired, so some kind of regular income would be welcome.

My problem is that by building the boat by myself and only using cash (how can you escape in a boat if someone else owns it) I can't afford a big premium.

All this went into the computer. I told it what I figured my family would need to get by on.

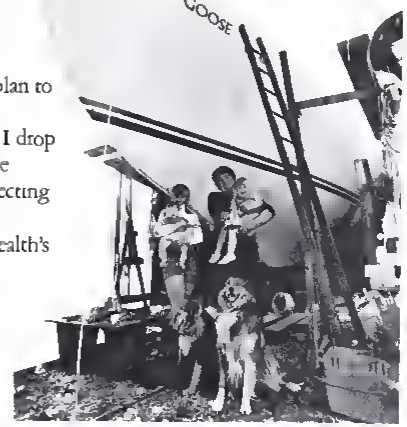
Dan soon returned with the computer's diagnosis and I'll be darned if it didn't have a solution.

I was impressed. (I was happy too because the deadline for this ad was getting closer and closer).

Amazingly, my specific Electronic Family Security Program said I had enough insurance to protect Wendy, Kate and little Alex, even if I got swallowed by a whale.

It did make one recommendation – that I provide for my retirement in case I wasn't swallowed by a whale. (Normally, you would get three options to choose from. However, I'm not normal.) The good thing about it is that the premium (which I suggested) isn't so great that if I need to buy a fancy bronze hatch, I'll still have the cash to buy it.

Sun Life calls this computer thing Electronic Family Security Programming. When I first heard it, it sounded like some kind of burglar-proof fence.



Anyway, I started writing an ad about it and ended up buying as a result of the program recommendation.

I like the plan because it's specifically for me, Graham Watt, and if they can come up with a plan for me, they can do it for you.

SunLife OF CANADA

'72 Dodge Monaco gives you a lot to count on.

Dodge
CHRYSLER
Dodge Trucks
SALES/SERVICE

Count on a full-size car with a 122" wheelbase. Count on 'Torsion-Quiet' ride for smooth quiet driving pleasure. Count on a classically re-sculptured exterior styling and interior elegance, both brand new for '72.

Count on Dodge Monaco and Polara for performance with optional engines all the way up to the 440 c.i.d. Count on big car features like automatic transmission and power steering. They're standard! See Dodge Monaco and Polara at Chrysler Expo '72 at your Dodge dealers now.

"Torsion-Quiet Ride" and Unibody Construction . . . smooth, safe, and quiet.



Unibody construction combines body and frame in a single, all-welded unit. The strength surrounds you

Interiors

The handsomely appointed interior features woodgrained trim on the instrument panels and doors, centre arm rest and colour-co-ordinated deep-pile carpeting. Monaco has all [illegible] co[illegible] T[illegible] fo[illegible] M[illegible]

Options

☐ new, unique electronic ignition system which eliminates the need for breaker points and condenser—less to replace at tune-up time. Spark plugs last longer. Available on V8's
☐ AM-FM multiplex radio with cassette stereo tape ☐ power front disc brakes ☐ electric clock ☐ automatic air conditioning ☐ rear window defogger ☐ power windows ☐ cornering lights ☐ tilt steering wheel ☐ tinted glass ☐ automatic speed control ☐ battery—70 amp with cellulose separators ☐ mirror—outside left remote control ☐ power seats, windows, door locks and inside deck lid release
☐ wheel covers—[illegible] deep dish styled road wheels ☐ vinyl roof (except Station Wagons, std. on [illegible] Brougham) ☐ 3-speed windshield wipers [illegible] ension, [illegible] duty [illegible] with sway bar [illegible] trailer [illegible] package

19 Models from Monaco Brougham to Polara Special.



Monaco—Sedan, Hardtops, Wagons



Polara Custom—Sedan, Hardtops, Wagons



Polara—Sedan, Hardtops



Polara Special—Sedan, Hardtop, Wagons



At right
Monaco Brougham
4-dr. Hardtop

Standard Features

☐ transmission—3-speed [illegible] automatic Torqueflite ☐ ventless side window glass ☐ windshield [illegible] washer, electric ☐ concealed head [illegible] lamps (Monacos) ☐ 2-speed, concealed windshield wipers ☐ heater defroster ☐ colour-keyed carpeting ☐ power steering ☐ armrest, front and rear ☐ brakes heavy duty, with automatic adjusters (Station Wagons) ☐ safety-rim wheels ☐ head restraints, front ☐ cleaner air systems with closed crankcase vent system ☐ seven dip and spray rustproofing

Dimensions	Four-Door Sedan & Hardtop	Two-Door Hardtop	
Wheelbase	122.0"	122.0"	122.0"
Overall length	219.4"(a)	219.4"(a)	222.5"(b)
Overall width	79.6"	79.6"	79.2"
Track front	62.1"	62.1"	62.1"
rear	63.4"	63.4"	63.4"

(a) Monaco 222.5"
(b) Monaco 225.6"

Engines	318 cu. in. V8	360 cu in. V8	400 cu in V8	440 cu in V8
Bore (in.)	3.91	4.00	4.34	4.32
Stroke (in.)	3.31	3.58	3.38	3.75
Installed net Hp	150 @ 4000	175 @ 4000	190 @ 4400	230 @ 4400
Fuel recommended	regular	regular	regular	regular

Engine application by model				
Polara Special	Std.	Opt.	Opt.	Opt
Polara	Std	Opt	Opt	Opt
Polara Custom	Std	Opt	Opt	Opt
Monaco and Monaco Brougham	—	Std.	Opt	Opt

Dodge CHRYSLER CANADA LTD

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THE VIEW FROM HERE BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Donald Creighton's remarkable, lucid essay on Canadian nationalism which leads off this issue raises some disturbing questions about Canada's ability to survive against the increasingly militant forces of continentalism. I hope that it will cause even the most self-assured internationalists among us to think again about what it is in this nation that makes its independence so vitally important. Yet it seemed to me when I first read the essay that its basic considerations — the who-are-we and why-and-how-should-we-continue questions—contain within them a real paradox that no avowed nationalist I know has been able to contend with.

What we tend to say when we're exhorting our countrymen to stand up for Canada is that we need as a people to be more energetic in tackling our trade problems, to develop a stronger technology, to be less timid in our patriotism, more aggressive in pushing our own point of view — to be, in other words, more like the Americans. But surely what we have that's ours, the quality that makes us special as a nation, is almost antithetical to all of these admonitions. It's what Creighton himself calls our "inherited Canadian belief in an ordered and peaceful society and a gentle and simple way of life." The Canadian character by definition displays a reticence, a disdain for xenophobia, a dislike of bombast, and a genuine desire to let each other be. In part, it comes out of being small, but of not having to be first, out of being able to encompass the indigenous and very different cultures of the regions without having to savage them in the name of some monolithic concept called pan-Canadianism. There is something very special about a man from the outports, say, that may seem very strange to a man from the Peace River country. He is a Newfoundlander and he is a Canadian, but he *can* be both. He is allowed a deep sense of locality which is part of his sense of self. In the U.S., you have to be an American first, and an Oklahoman second. That's the price of empire. Here you can be a Maritimer first and a Canadian second, and in a way that's how you sum up your nationality.

THE CANADIAN DILEMMA: CANADA FIRST OR SECOND?

Jane Jacobs, the American urban expert who now lives in Toronto, told me a story once about going out into the backyard of her downtown house and leaning over the fence to talk to some children in a small nursery school playground next door. "My name's Joey, and I'm a Ukrainian," one of the kids said. She knew in an instant that she couldn't be anywhere but in a Canadian city. In the U.S., even a child of five would have had to say: "I'm an American." Here, he can say what he means, which is "I'm a person with something special about my background."

When I heard that story, I realized that it pinpointed the nationalist's dilemma: how can we keep on allowing each other to live easy, and yet maintain a country? In other words, how can we be ourselves and still survive? ■

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WITH NO OBLIGATION



221819A BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT VOL II
Unlau LP 8TR CASS

21023A JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (2 record set)
Decca LP 8TR CASS

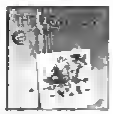
1933BA THREE DOG NIGHT Golden Biscuits
Dunhi LP 8TR CASS

22308A JAMES LAST Non Stop Dancing 12
Polyd LP, 8TR CASS

2226BA ARTHUR FIED 12 TR Greatest Hits
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21041A HERB DIAMOND Tap Root Manuscript
Uni LP 8TR CASS


21037A DIANNE WARWICKE Very Dionne
Scept LP 8TR CASS


21209A OSMONDS Homemade
Polyd LP 8TR CASS


21233A DONNY OSMOND ALBUM
Polyd LP 8TR CASS


21451A BILL COSBY What I Was A Kid
Polyd LP 8TR CASS



21417A SUSAN SINGS SESAME STREET
Scept LP 8TR CASS


21022A PETE FOUNTAIN Golden Favorites
Coral LP 8TR CASS


21784A BOBBY GOLDSBORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP 8TR CASS

21037A DIANNE WARWICKE Very Dionne
Scept LP 8TR CASS

21209A OSMONDS Homemade
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21233A DONNY OSMOND ALBUM
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21451A BILL COSBY What I Was A Kid
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21417A SUSAN SINGS SESAME STREET
Scept LP 8TR CASS

21022A PETE FOUNTAIN Golden Favorites
Coral LP 8TR CASS

21784A BOBBY GOLDSBORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP 8TR CASS

21032A DIANNE WARWICKE Very Dionne
Scept LP 8TR CASS

21209A OSMONDS Homemade
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21233A DONNY OSMOND ALBUM
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21451A BILL COSBY What I Was A Kid
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21784A BOBBY GOLDSBORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP 8TR CASS

21032A DIANNE WARWICKE Very Dionne
Scept LP 8TR CASS

21028A IKE & TINA TURNER Workin Together
Liber LP 8TR CASS

22105A OSMOSIS
Decca LP 8TR CASS

21243A IN A LONDON PUB
Polyd LP

21209A OSMONDS Homemade
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21455A BOORED T & THE M G S Melting Pot
Stax LP 8TR CASS

21241A JAMES LAST Games That Lovers Play
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

22240A MIMI IVES Greatest Hits
Decca LP 8TR CASS

21233A DONNY OSMOND ALBUM
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21245A BEST OF DEEP PURPLE
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21158A LILY TOMLIN This Is A Recording
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21024A BERT KAEMPFERT Greatest Hits
Deaca LP 8TR CASS

21451A BILL COSBY What I Was A Kid
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

2216SA RICHARD HARRIS Love Album
Dunhi LP 8TR CASS

2732BA EMITT RHODES
Dunhi LP 8TR CASS

21284A Ahdi OF THE CREAM
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21417A SUSAN SINGS SESAME STREET
Scept LP 8TR CASS

221HHA HAMILTON IDE FRANK & REYNOLDS
Dunhi LP 8TR CASS

21154A THE VENTURES Golden Greats
Liber LP 8TR CASS

21543A LISZT Hungarian Rhapsodies
Helio LP

21022A PETE FOUNTAIN Golden Favorites
Coral LP 8TR CASS

21043A BRIAN HYLAND Gypsy Woman
Uni LP 8TR CASS

21783A MOZART Violin Cconcio No 5
Helio LP

2213BA JOEY GREG ORASH North Country Funk
Polyd LP 8TR

21784A BOBBY GOLDSBORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP 8TR CASS

21854A B B KING Back In the Alley
ABC LP 8TR CASS

21782A MOZART Eine Kleine Nachl Musik
Helio LP

2220HA MAN OF LA MANCHA Original Cast Rapl LP

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Johnny Cash—Aquaiung	Repri	$6.29	$2.93
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Mozart—Piano Concertos—(Elvira Madigan)	DCC	$6.98	$3.10
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22335A LORETTA LYNN I Wanna Be Free
Decca LP 8TR CASS


21937A ELTON JOHN 11-17-70
Uni LP 8TR CASS


21025A IRISH ROVERS The Unicorn
Deaca LP 8TR CASS


21492A HEINTJE Von Ans Ihe Best Of All
Polyd LP 8TR CASS



21795A SEGOVIA Castlega Ol Spain
Deaca LP 8TR CASS



21017A THE WHO Tommy (2 record set)
Decca LP 8TR CASS



21412A JAMES GANG Thirds
ABC LP 8TR CASS


221822A MOM & DADS Sauvanna
MCA LP 8TR CASS


21282A JOHN MAYALL USA Union
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

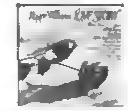


21596A HANDEL Water Mus a Helio LP



21893A FEGRANTE & TEICHER 10th Anni versary Album
(2 record set) UniAr LP


223S4A BURT BACHARACH Playa Hits Hits
Kapp LP


21777A ROGER WILLIAMS Love Story
Kapp LP 8TR CASS


1dd04A STEPPEN WOLF Gold
Dunhi LP 8TR CASS

21152A NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND Uncle Charlie & His Dog Teddy
Liber LP 8TR CASS

22105A BILL ANDERSON Greatest Hits
Deaca LP 8TR CASS

221668A THE GRASS ROOTS More Golden Grass
Dunhi LP 8T6 CASS

21d09A BEST OF DEEP PURPLE
UniAr LP 8TR CASS

21034A B J THOMAS Raindrops Keep Fallin
Scept LP 8TR CASS

217dHA MATTHEW S SOUTHERN COMFORT Lilac Wine Same Year
Decca LP 8TR CASS

21034A B J THOMAS Raindrops Keep Fallin
Scept LP 8TR CASS

2172SB TRAFFIC John Barleycorn Must Die
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21855A RARE Original
London Cast
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

21039A NEIL DIAMOND Gold
Uni LP 8TR CASS

21042A ELTON JOHN Tumbleweed Connection
Uni LP 8TR CASS

21242A JAMAICA STEEL DRUMS
Polyd LP

212878 ERIC CLAPTON
Polyd LP 8TR CASS

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RECORD CLUB OF CANADA #101 CAN

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3 FREE LPs

[ ] [ ] [ ]

or 1 FREE TAPE

[ ] ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

or Defer Selection and expanded list

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Mrs
Miss _____

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City _____ Zone _____

Province _____

RECORD CLUB OF CANADA—Canada's Largest Record and Tape Club

THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY STEVEN LANGDON

DAL BRODHEAD AND THE COMPANY HE KEEPS

There are in Ottawa a good many skeletons in closets and ghosts from the past but there is only one living corpse. It is found in a sprawling old house on Chapel Street in the unfashionable east Ottawa area, and it is called the Company of Young Canadians. The CYC must by this time be a corpse, so often has it been pronounced dead — most recently in a report by the government's Committee on Youth. And yet on inspection it seems more vibrantly alive than ever.

Last year at this time, 'corpse' seemed an appropriate description. The CYC had no more than 82 volunteers in the field, its morale had been devastated by passage of a revised act that seemed to strip it of its independence, and its fifth executive director in less than five years was about to be appointed. But in the past 12 months the situation has entirely reversed itself. The CYC now has 240 volunteers in communities across the country, it has recovered its enthusiasm and excitement, and the byzantine internal conflicts that afflicted the organization have been submerged. And the credit rests largely with Dal Brodhead, a 30-year-old Montrealer who's been a quiet success as the CYC's executive director.

Part of Brodhead's success comes from such simple accomplishments as getting cheques out on time (a chronic problem in the past), but his major achievement has been to restore the company's self-confidence. "You know," he says, "a hell of a lot has to do with the question of morale, you either get, I think, a basic feeling of trust or you don't. We didn't have it in the past." Brodhead is a relaxed and likable fellow, and he spends "over 50% of my time" in the field. Much of the volunteer versus Ottawa conflict has been eliminated by the revised legislation, there is no longer, for example, any question of the volunteers formally governing the CYC. But, perhaps most important, Brodhead is very much a product and reflection of what the Company of Young Canadians is all about. He has grown and matured in the same way the company has.

The CYC was created in the Sixties to respond to the restlessness and search for alternatives of the postwar generation of which Brodhead was a part. "A WASP from Westmount" is how he describes his background, and he experienced the same sense of drift of many of his middle-class peers. After high school he worked for a while in the New Hampshire forests. Then he took a political science BA ("pretty undistinguished") at McGill, spending much of his time in nonacademic areas such as student politics. Next he tried law at Laval — "It was fantastically stifling" — but he dropped out after eight weeks. "That was a very important decision, because once you break out of that — the 20 or 30 years all laid out for you — then you're free to do a number of things. In rejecting law I was working, I guess on the feeling level — what I was comfortable doing — and I wanted to *do* something."

That kind of vague commitment was attracting many young people to the CYC. Brodhead, one of the company's first volunteers, went to the remote Indian community of Alert Bay in northern BC. So he actually *was* a volunteer, which explains the trust he engenders today among volunteers.

Alert Bay was a textbook example of what community organizing can do. Beginning with recreational work among the community's young people, Brodhead eventually was able to generate social action. The Indians successfully resisted a second-rate federal school for their children. They protested for a voice in the appointment of a new provincial magistrate. The slogan "power to the people" gained real substance in the community. But Alert Bay also showed what could happen to the volunteer working in such a context. Brodhead developed a genuine respect and affection for other lifestyles than his own. He speaks feelingly now of the Indian family into which he was adopted. He talks with enjoyment of the two summers he spent fishing with the Indians — "Though I never worked so goddamned hard in my life." And he points out that those experiences give him options for the future. "I could always go back to fishing. I'm not limited in my alternatives as I would be if I looked for advancement only."

Out of all this Brodhead brings to the Company of Young Canadians an emphatic loyalty to the volunteer. "I stress the value of the CYC to volunteers as well as to the people they assist." Again this underlies the trust he has built and confirms the sense volunteers have that Brodhead is much like themselves, committed to the same goals and shaped by the same experiences. They recognize in him someone who has escaped from the career preoccupations of the government bureaucrat and is loyal to them and to the community groups they serve.



So the Company of Young Canadians has been brought back to life. But has it in the process, as many feared, also been tamed? Brodhead argues no. "We're still involved with a lot of the same groups and issues — though there are some new ones, particularly environmental questions. We're still involved with active, radical people — though they're more action-oriented than rhetorical in their radicalism." The list of CYC projects now under way confirms this. "I can tell from the staff I'm getting, too," says Brodhead. "The people who want to work for us would not work for a tame organization. There are limits on our independence, but we can set our own priorities."

Brodhead, who believes the tactical period of silence, which had to be respected when the CYC was in decline, is over. He talks of pushing for social change at levels other than the community by publicly confronting MPs and government officials. "The crunch comes in two years," he admits, when the company has to go to the government and ask for a budget increase. (Until then, the CYC can support its increased activities on the surpluses amassed during its decline.) Ironically, the better the CYC does its heil-raising job in the interim, the less likely its chances of getting more money may be. Unless, that is, the communities the new CYC is now serving so well can rally to its defense. ■

Steven Langdon is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.



THE VIEW FROM U.S. OF A.

BY TOM BUTSON

Canadian nationalism is simple. It falls into two categories: the old and the new. The old nationalism is the John Diefenbaker-Red Ensign variety. The new nationalism is of Walter Gordon's invention, with just a tinge of anti-Americanism in its insistence that the root of most Canadian evils is Wall Street money.

American nationalism is not so simple. Its most obvious manifestation is the "my country right or wrong" response which was once again evident following the recent tragedy at upstate New York's Attica prison. To honor the memory of the hostages slain in the subduing of the riot-torn prison, the Attica Lions Club placed 72 American flags at full staff along the main street. The gesture was also an expression of support for the prison authorities' questionable decision to storm the hastille regardless of the cost in human lives.

Recent American presidents have excused wreaking death and destruction on the hapless Indo-Chinese with the phrase "I don't want to be the first American president to preside over a losing war." Which is galling to anyone with a passing knowledge of North American history because even by the most pro American standards it is hard to rate the War of 1812 better than a draw.

But as Walter Gordon has told us again and again, the most important aspect of American nationalism, for Canadians anyway, is of neither the flag-waving nor the history-distorting varieties. It is rather economic.

Sometimes U.S. economic nationalism parades in the guise of benevolent internationalism, as in the case of that Washington stalking horse, the Organization of American States. Sometimes it appears in the guise of a scheme "for the benefit of mankind," as in the celebrated voyages of the oil tanker Manhattan or Senator Frank Moss's grand schemes to divert Western Canada's water to southwestern America's advantage.

But more recently, as President Nixon and his tough-talking aides at the Treasury have finally faced up to the real dimensions of the United States' economic woes, it has emerged in full America First stridency. The President himself set the tone in an appearance before a joint session of Congress. America," he said in a speech that was purple with patriotism, "today is No. 1 in the world economically. Let's keep America No. 1 in the world economically."

To that end, Nixon, cheered on by conservative Republican businessmen and conservative Democratic factory workers, has raised the old banner of protectionism. It matters little that the principal — and deserving — target is the self-serving Japanese industrial machine. To Canadians it is much more important that in the economic shake-out in the next few months Canada's branch-plant economy may in fact be the one that suffers most.

HIS NATIONALISM IS MORE MILITANT THAN OURS



In the future, as Eric Kierans, among others, has already proclaimed, even more cataclysmic confrontations seem likely to arise. As the lamented Columbia River agreement first showed, Western Canada's water is hardly an academic resource. As the furore over the Alaska and Mackenzie pipelines has shown, all that oil and gas in the territorial tundra isn't academic either. And just to cite a third example, to New York, the world capital of electrical brownouts, young Robert Bourassa's hydroelectric juggernauts on James Bay are most certainly not matters of theory alone.

If and when confrontations over the disposition of these resources arise, what is the probable outcome?

There have been little straws in the wind. Ontario's shilly-shallying in the McGraw-Hill/Ryerson affair showed that in publishing, anyway, pennies came before patriotism. And as Ontario goes, so goes the rest of the nation, economically.

Even at the federal level there seems little hope. With Kierans, the Jiminy Cricket of the Trudeau regime, gone and given the internationalistic inclinations of the Prime Minister, it seems doubtful that Ottawa would prefer a birthright to a mess of pottage. And it is difficult to blame them. After all, there are more votes in a St. Thomas or Oakville assembly plant than in an empty hole in the ground in Ungava. More importantly, the bulk of the damage has been done.

Everyone knows those percentages about how much Americans own of Canadian industry, resources and real estate. The only interesting thing about them is that they keep growing. But do most Canadians care?

Well, Washington thinks we do. A recent State Department study of the effects of American trade legislation on Canada said in part: "The political, social and cultural implications of a free trade arrangement are in conflict with Canada's passionate concern to protect its national identity."

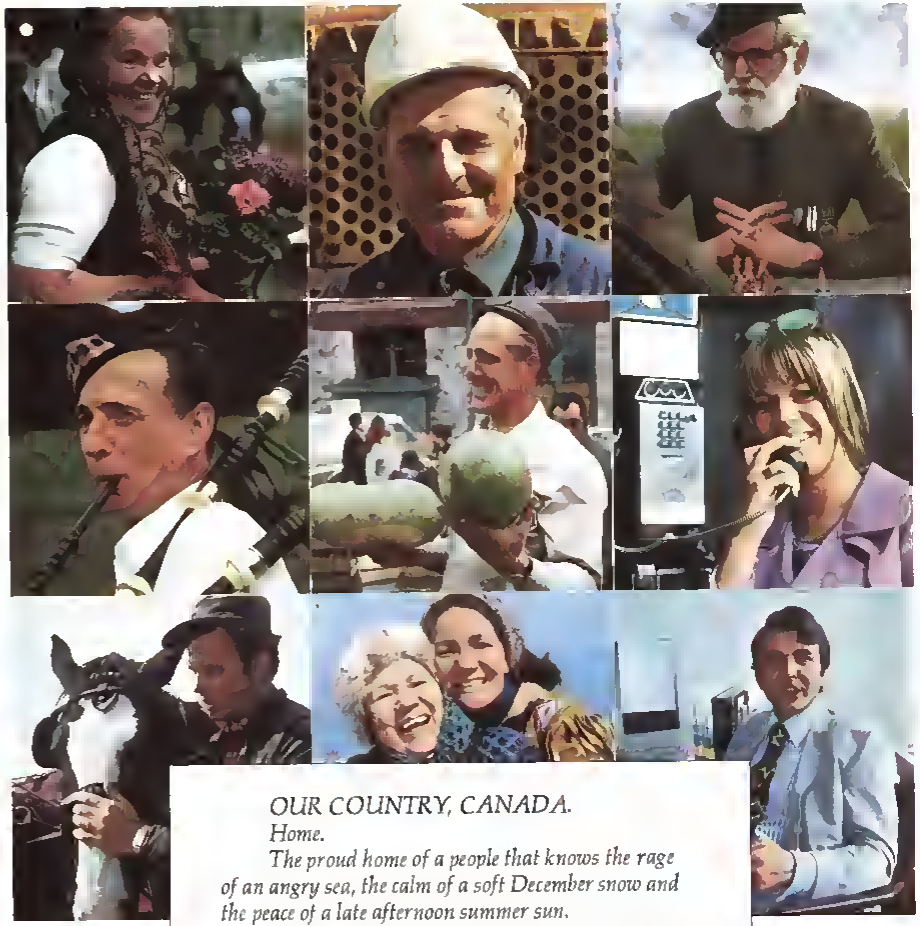
Canadians passionate? About their national identity? As George Bernard Shaw put it, "Not bloody likely." It is not part of Canadian nature to be passionate about such intangible things. I have always found it fascinating that in only two areas of industry have Canadians refused to be dominated by Americans: banking and booze. Canadian banks are big enough to look after themselves regardless of what happens to the country politically, and Canada's distilling and brewing industry dominates the North American market. About these two things we apparently care. About the rest we apparently do not.

So in direct confrontation, American supranationalism through sheer size and power would inevitably overcome Canada's pallid patriotism.

Which brings up another question. If Canada goes, can Quebec be far behind? The answer must be: No. Despite the Pauline eloquence of René Lévesque, after centuries of economic deprivation French Canada seems hardly likely to settle for cultural integrity at the price of economic advantage.

Not that Canadian nationalism or Quebec nationalism is going to kick the bucket overnight. Eventually, however, their adherents must face this inexorable fact. Given the power of the American economy and the hesitancy of Canadian patriotism, there is room for just one kind of nationalism in North America, not three. ■

Tom Butson is an assistant editor at the New York Times.



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THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC

BY ANN CHARNEY

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE

The month of October has acquired special significance in Quebec. The people who lived through the events that began with the kidnapping of James Cross are today veterans of a common past. Survivors of a collective baptism in a sea of emotion that at the time seemed as likely to engulf them as to save them. For all who were here the memory of October 5, 1970, evokes vivid images of fear, panic, horror, disgust and, yes, excitement of the kind that only critical periods of history can generate.

The difficulty with times of crisis such as the October events of last year in Quebec is that they lead to a desperate optimism rooted in hysteria. It was the collective conviction at the time, shouted across the media and across dinner tables, that nothing in Quebec would ever be the same again. We were either at the brink of a civil war or, at the very least, on the first step of a momentum of change that would bring about long overdue reforms. Now, in the deceptive calm of the year after, there is a mixture of embarrassment and regret as one rereads the predictions, promises and warnings that followed the crisis. They are, of course, understandable in their time. But the reality of ordinary life seems inevitably anti-climactic, after last year's surge of passion and rhetoric.

It was René Lévesque, writing in his column in the *Journal de Montréal*, who first said that Quebec would never be the same again. One year later we find him caught up in the problems that preoccupy any political leader anywhere: a declining membership, a lack of party funds, the weighing and rejecting of possible alliances for future elections. Some of his followers, particularly the younger ones, are blaming him, unfairly, for not keeping the revolutionary fires burning high. It is almost impossible to maintain, on a continuous basis, the elan that sweeps up people during a crisis. The day-to-day attrition of living permits few men or women to retain the energy or the insight to fight against the very conditions that bludgeon them.

Asked how he views the crisis one year later, René Lévesque replies that for him it remains "basically a job done on Quebeckers. From the FLQ jerks, who were the detonators, to the three levels of government playing their game on the backs of people." In the future, he says, the events of October may be regarded as a "kind of small Vietnam of the Trudeau administration."

Last October, the mere possession of Pierre Vallières' book, *Les Nègres Blancs d'Amérique*, carried with it the implication of sedition and the danger of possible imprisonment. One year later it is on the best-seller list, both in English and French. (In our society, it seems, there is no idea or ideal which cannot be de-fused by a good, solid public success.) Yet the dreary oppressiveness of many lives in Quebec which Vallières describes so effectively and which changed him from a sensitive, morbid intellectual into a tough political activist, continues to stifle hope in neighborhoods identical to the one in which Vallières grew up.

Pierre Bourgault wrote last November in *Point de Mire*: "Violence is perhaps not excusable but it explains itself all too easily." His explanation consisted of a list of the principal socioeconomic, political and cultural injustices in Quebec. Many of them were substantiated by other analysts of the Quebec scene who cannot be said to have the same "bias" that some may ascribe to Bourgault.

Now that the accusations and counter-accusations of responsibility for the crisis are fading in newspaper morgues, it is easy to see that the real victims of the crisis are the ordinary people of Quebec who, after a brief moment in the hot light, have once again been forgotten.

In another realm, however, political reputations, muddied and dangerously tottering as a result of the crisis, have somehow been dusted off and propped up once again. Analysts and consultants continue to mine profitably the rich field of "poverty studies." The book industry has been infused with new life by a flood of post-crisis literature. Novelists and poets have been blessed with new themes for their work. English-speaking film makers are now considering a wide variety of scripts on the crisis. For many of those who identify with the Left there are the ongoing political trials, quickly labeled as judicial guerilla theatre, to provide a few moments of wit in otherwise dull times. The night scene, almost dead after last October, has returned to normal: a new chain of erotic clubs called the "Sex Machine" is to open across Quebec. There is the promise of future grandeur in the air as preparations begin for the Olympics of 1976.

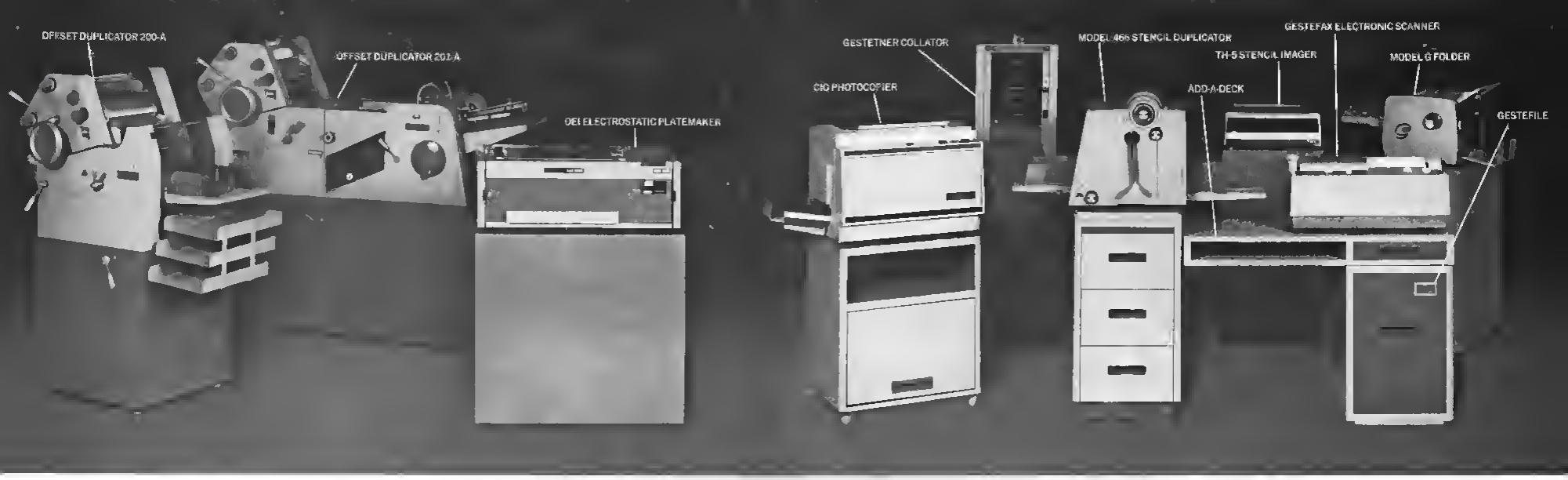


Beyond the glitter of publicized activity lives the anonymous mass of people in whose name the crisis was provoked and perpetuated, in whose name the crisis was subdued. One year later their lives remain unchanged if not worse than ever. The same conditions that were their birthright continue to form or deform their children.

The winter ahead promises to be grim. Unemployment and inflation continue to spiral upward. Welfare payments remain inadequate and there are repeated demonstrations of discontent. Most recently the ministry of social affairs in Montreal was occupied for eight days. While inside the building the protestors demanded a 30% increase in their payments, outside on St. Denis Street their placards informed passersby that "welfare means hunger and slavery." The Marsan report gives an appalling picture of the health of Quebec schoolchildren. More than half the children in the study suffered some form of physical disease, while 10% of them were so ill as to require hospitalization. Malnutrition was considered one of the principal causes. The continuing inadequacy of housing for the majority of the population in Quebec has been demonstrated by the Nepveu-Castonguay commission, which found one out of three houses in Quebec inadequate. In spite of strong feeling against it, the Trans-Canada Highway is being pushed through a predominantly working class area in Montreal.

One year after the crisis things are back to "normal" in Quebec. ■

Ann Charney is a Montreal free lance writer.



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YOUR VIEW

In my various capacities as mother teacher and Girl Guide Captain I am sick of the word "fun" If something is not *fun* you don't do it — even though you have never done it before and cannot possibly have any idea whether it is *fun* or not! Woe betide the adult who has the temerity to make a child do something which turns out not to be *fun* Parents add fuel to the fire by demanding "Was it fun?" or "Did you have fun?" And worse, if it receives a low rating on the *fun* scale encourage the children to quit.

The word has been used so often and applied to everything from climbing mountains to cleaning latrines that I am frankly no longer clear as to its precise meaning — but I have the impression that *fun* is something rather superficial like spun candy good for a treat occasionally but not suitable for a sustained diet

My life has not been one long round of *fun* but I have managed to enjoy it thus far I have had deep and lasting pleasures wonderful experiences and great satisfactions sometimes from work and sometimes in breaks from work I have also survived a great deal of routine and, as a child long periods of boredom And I frequently have to make myself do things I don't like doing This is the concept of life I try to pass on to my children and the children of others with whom I come into contact In many cases I'm fighting a losing battle Miserable whiny, dissatisfied, urged on by parents and above all, by TV they cry "Fun fun fun we must have fun"

What is going to happen to these children when they find that life is not all *fun*? I suspect we are already seeing the results in such things as alcoholism drug addiction vandalism and promiscuity all of which are supposedly *fun* — at least when you start

JOAN M CROWE THUNDER BAY, ONT

...es Wayne Carley

I am aghast that you neglected to include me in your little list of informed Canadians — *How To Be As Well Informed As* (September) Is it because I recently moved and you couldn't find my new address? At any rate, better late than never, here's my contribution

I read the Toronto dailies but only the classified ads I find life far too hectic these days to read entire books but try to keep up by scanning at least four dust jackets a week As for television I agree entirely with Sylvia Ostry and "watch almost no TV except when I have the time" I've confined my movie-going lately to 8 mm pornography and some color footage of Jasper taken last July by Uncle Allan and Aunt Blanche

I hope next time you do a public sampling you'll get in touch with me sooner I always think if there's one thing the Canadian public wants to know it's how the gang is getting on

WAYNE CARLEY, TORONTO

A room at the Riel?

Carl F Yanez suggests that Ottawa should prohibit Canadians from buying foreign securities — *Your View* (September) This would be done to increase the ownership of Canadians in Canada Possibly a better way to achieve the same objective would be to develop in Canadians a sense of national identity, a pride in Canada's past and a confidence in Canada's future A first step in this direction would be to abandon the sychophantic practice of naming Canadian hotels buildings streets and parks after foreign monarchs and to rename existing structures and areas after great Canadians Certainly Canada is not looking for great men — see Pierre Berton's *The Last Spike* — even if they are almost forgotten Thus the Royal York could be renamed the Van Horne the Queen Elizabeth the Matson La Vérendrye

GEORGE E HADDELAND PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

The New Chauvinism

Having spent the last year traveling on the other side of the Atlantic, I feel it might be of interest to some of our avid nationalists to know that Canadians are rapidly taking the place of Americans as the most ridiculous tourists for their peculiar habit of plastering huge flags on jackets, jeans knapsacks hats and every other inch of space where the good old Maple Leaf can be displayed In several towns I visited Canadians had succeeded in making themselves obnoxious to both local residents and other travelers by hoorishly singing the national anthem or shouting pro-Canada slogans in cafés The Americans were meek and polite by comparison

I thought this tendency was perhaps peculiar to young Canadians away from home but on my return I mind this smug self centred attitude even more prevalent here Much to my regret I took some young Italian tourists to Ontario Place one evening where they were bombarded by films assuring them that Ontario was as close to the Garden of Eden as anyone could hope to get The Italians only comment was to enquire if we had learned our film techniques from the Communist Chinese

In past years the Americans have earned much criticism for the fact that they knew nothing of Canada Every Canadian can tell a dozen stories about stupid Americans who only vaguely realizing there was something or other beyond their borders, drove to Toronto in July with snowshoes and skis all ready for a winter vacation I was reminded of this when my Italian friends were asked by a 19 year-old Canadian girl if Italy was on the equator

I'm sure every Canadian felt some pride when Expo 67 came and Canada achieved maturity in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world But now surely we can realize that the way to improve our nation isn't simply to pretend that the world stops at Newfoundland and Vancouver

HELEN BRISBIN, TORONTO

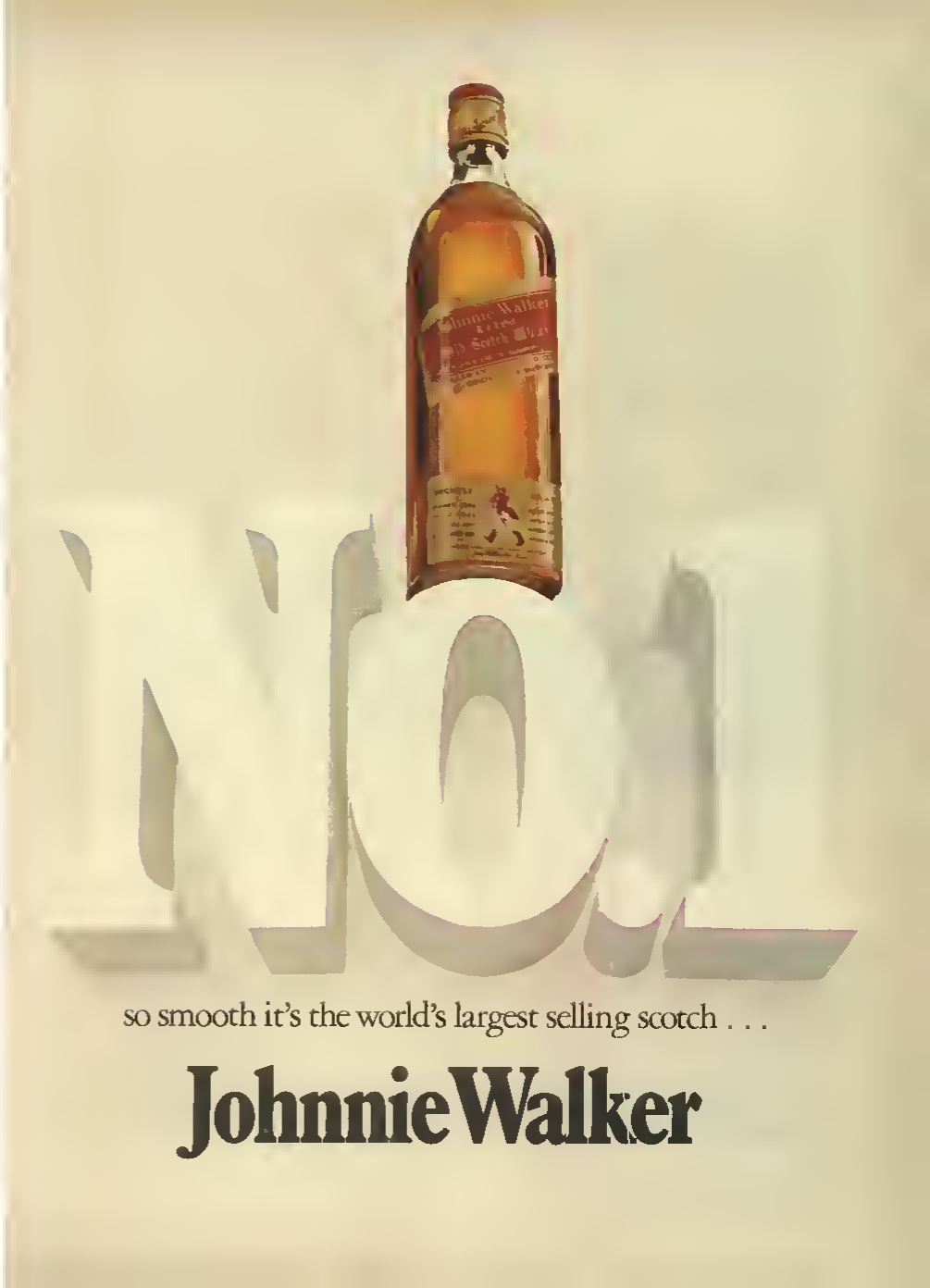
On being Lea

On Being Mowat (August) was a very enjoyable piece of Farley Mowat Farley was his usual witty self sincere, honest It's a pity we all cannot be the same Farley is full of love and generously bares his soul in public He also makes no bones about the hardships of the writing profession

If one happens to be a writer one can understand just how difficult it is to earn a livelihood by one's pen alone To be a writer in this country one has to have the character of a great American, such as Thomas Edison, for one must remain undaunted by failure as the rejection slips arrive instead of cheques for one's mental perspiration It's difficult for one to keep one's sangfroid if one is continually rejected without knowing why

C P Scott of *The Guardian* used a maxim which I will pass on to Mr Mowat "Comment is free, but facts are sacred" When people read books today I feel they don't want to be taken to the edge of the pit They want to be

continued on page 16



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Your View continued / brought back again. The writer is unwilling to push the reader into hell. One is stepping on dangerous ground if one explains what it really is like to be a hungry, starving Eskimo. So hungry in fact that one will eat one's own mother. (Of course the above is an aside.)

Thank you for letting me have my say. In closing, I remain a struggling scribe.

JOSEPH WILLIAM LEA, TORONTO

Teaching W. S. history

Walter Stewart's article on Lunenburg — *In The Heart Of The Heart Of Lunenburg* (August) — was interesting enough, but I feel I should point out one or two errors of fact. The settlers of Lunenburg, commonly called the "foreign Protestants," did not come over in 1753 but began arriving by the shipload in 1750. All the settlers did not arrive until 1752. The following year they began to settle the place that was later named Lunenburg, but not as "dutifully" as Stewart would have us believe. During that year there was hardship and discontent that culminated in an armed rebellion and troops had to be summoned from Halifax to restore order. The naming of Lunenburg after George II also Prince of Hanover, is therefore a gratuitous assumption, and since only a few of the immigrants were Hanoverians one doubts whether the settlement was named "for their hometown of Lunenburg." Stewart is probably repeating a set of beliefs which have become the folklore of their descendants.

RONALD ROMPKEY, LONDON, ENGLAND

I love you not

One feels like a bit of a voyeur intruding upon John Macfarlane's intimate memoir — *Sorry I wavered Joni I love you after all* (September).

Joni Mitchell, in both her manifestations as little-Johnson's-baby-powder-girl and naked-expensive-smelling-woman remains the apotheosis of wistfulness. It is this, I think, and not the confusion of her variable personae which crimps many an understanding of her. Wistfulness is the least perceptive, the least interesting — even though it may have become the most popularly pervasive — of current world views. Wistfulness is limited and limiting. It doesn't, for instance, encompass pain. (Joni Mitchell may now and then feel herself a bit sore, but there is nothing in her songs to suggest a sufficient depth of emotion to feel pain.) Even more crucially, wistfulness does not include in any manifestation whatsoever (apart from feyness, which is funny but not humorous and certainly not pleasant for all but fellow feys), the question of humor. Life is very frequently funny, love is more often funny than anything else, sex — if it's going well and becoming relaxed and worth anything at all — should often be funny, even terrific sadness is usually funny from some perspectives. Most of the great female singers, right from Bessie Smith to Janis Joplin (for all her faults, Janis never lost her sense of humor and is, for many, infinitely more touching because of it), have possessed humor in their art.

The best music, the best of any art, has to include a spectrum. The possibility of tensions and explosions, darkness as well as light. Joni Mitchell covers over the angles and rough textures of experience with the glue of her whimsy; this kewpie doll of the broken heart works everything down to a monochrome sadness and is then pretentious enough to claim this as a representative mood.

URJO KAREOA, TORONTO

Damning the big rigs

The trucker described in *Pushing The Big Rigs* (September) may not like tourists but as an occasional tourist in Canada I detest his lane-wide bumper, his exhaust, his habit of passing at 19 miles an hour, in a 60-mile-per-hour zone, another truck going 18 miles an hour and, in general, the whole overloaded, underpowered fraternity.

Here in the United States trucks have so clogged the roads that billions have been spent to double-track them. They have siphoned off the choice freight from the rails, so that commuter service must now be subsidized by the taxpayer. Their role in decentralizing industry has impoverished the cities, so we taxpayers now pay for the roads which the trucks use, for the commuter service which the railroads can no longer support and for the decaying cities, too.

Canada still has attractive cities and a fine rail system, but Canadians had better look south before they let the convenience and "economy" of trucking break their backs.

RICHARD L. LOTRECK, NATICK, MASS.

Rule Britannia, etc.

Concerning the cover of your September issue: whether Sam Etcheverry is Canadian or not, apple pie is British and has been for hundreds of years.

ANTHONY LEANING, READING, ENGLAND

You buy the gourmet coffee. We'll buy up to $10 in gourmet meals.

See details inside.



Yuban Gourmet Dining Offer.

An exciting offer of two free dining-out certificates, worth up to $5 each. Just for buying Instant or Regular Yuban.



HERE'S HOW IT WORKS.

1. All you have to do is send us one label from any size jar of Yuban Instant Coffee, or the Yuban name traced from the top of a Yuban ground coffee tin, to

Yuban Dining Out
Box 2193, Toronto, Ontario

along with the entry form opposite.

2. You receive a booklet containing 2 Dining-Out Certificates (each to be used on a seperate occasion)—Each certificate will bear the name of the participating restaurant in your area where it will be valid.

3. A Certificate is redeemable when you and a guest have dined. The price of the least expensive regular dinner ordered will be deducted from the check up to $5.00 value. You pay the balance. (Cash only—no charge cards) If everyone in your party orders the same dinner, the cost of one dinner will be deducted from the check (up to $5.00 value). You and your guest may choose from all of the meals on each restaurant's regular dinner menu.

4. You pay for all taxes, alcoholic beverages, gratuities, dishes and other items which do not come with the regular dinner.

5. Present the appropriate Dining-Out Certificate when you are presented with the check. (You need not mention the Dining-Out Certificate before the check is presented).

6. Each booklet comes with a complete set of instructions and the days when Dining Out Certificates are valid.

7. This offer is not open to employees of General Foods Limited or its subsidiaries, or their families, or to persons engaged in the development or implementation of this offer.

8. Dining Out Certificates expire June 30th, 1972. (One booklet per household)

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BOX 2193
TORONTO, ONTARIO

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Please send me a "Gourmet Dining with Yuban" booklet and the two dining out certificates for the restaurant(s) in my area.

Name

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Yuban. When nothing else is good enough.



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The Red Fox

Calgary
THREE GREENHORNS
The highlander

Saskatoon
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(Sheraton Cavalier)
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(Sheraton Cavalier)

Edmonton
Pickwick Inn
The Beachcomber

Regina
The Red Fox

Winnipeg
GOURMET INTERNATIONAL RESTAURANT
(International Inn)
OLIVER'S

Sudbury
the "rib room"
(Sheraton Caswell)

Windsor
TOP HAT Supper Club
Ye Olde Steak House

London
The Friar's Cellar
FAITH QUARTER

Kitchener
The Charcoal Steak House Inn
the inn of the hawk and the

Hamilton
The Eastaminet
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Welcome, sister

Until I read the inane remarks made by eight wives of well-known Canadians — *Thanks, Darling, For Making Me What I Am Today* (August) — I considered Women's Lib bafflingly radical. Now I think the movement is too conservative and obviously a case of too little, too late.

MARY RIOPEL, ROSEMERE, QUE

The great Broomstick

Poet Irving Layton found, in his boyhood home, how to use a broomstick to improve his environment by stilling, temporarily, the raucous laughter of drunken neighbors so that the Layton family might get some needed sleep — *Irving Layton's Canada* (September). He therefore uses the word "broomstick" metaphorically for any skill he may be able to use to improve his situation in life. Any suggestion that a Higher Power may have a part in influencing our environment he brushes aside. Yet he pays tribute to three blessings that he has experienced — the kindness of the two neighbor ladies; the bereavements of himself and two other boys in the death of their fathers, which turned former enemies into firm friends, and the power of one of his teachers to inspire him with admiration for poetry and ambition to write. Has he not every reason to believe in a Divine Source of all human goodness? Not a petty anthropomorphic God of floods and volcanoes, earthquakes and thunderstorms, plagues and constant wars between his pets and his enemies. A God of goodwill imminent to the whole vast universe, the origin of order, design and destiny.

GEORGE G. HARRIS, RAPID CITY, MAN.

Up against the wall

Brian Moore's story about the FLQ — *One Hundred Hours On Des Récollets Street* (September) is tripe. The FLQ is not composed of pure, true-blue nobly motivated defenders and champions of Christian utopia. They mostly are morons, social misfits and losers, unable to hold a job or obtain one. Most have long sordid police records of minor crimes. They are a bunch of non-rehabilitative punks, who like being punks. Humbugs and charlatans abound in this imperfect world, from religious phonies down through hippies, yippies, etc., all looking for the easy buck and the free ride at somebody else's expense. Why attempt to show these punks as saviors of mankind?

JACK TOUPIN, MONTREAL ■



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a.) **So-so**

b.) **Mildly antagonistic**

c.) **Antagonistic**

It may have occurred to you, while looking over the choices on the opposite page, that words like "warm" and "friendly" do not appear.

This is not due to an oversight on our part.

It is due to the fact that we at Travelers know the way many of you feel about insurance companies.

We also know that it's important to everybody concerned that somebody in the insurance business do something to change the way you feel.

One of the things you think now is that you can't talk to an insurance company—even to ask a simple question—without getting sold something.

And that's the reason we set up The Travelers Office of Consumer Information. Which is a group of our best people, trained to explain what they know about insurance, in language other people can understand.

If you have any questions about insurance in general or insurance policies in particular, call us and we'll do our best to answer them.

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And we won't spoil things by trying to sell you a policy.

This could well be the first time you ever talked to an insurance company when you did most of the talking.

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THE TRAVELERS

MAYOR MOORE'S CANADA

A place to kneel

I don't know what the hell to do with this title. The country certainly doesn't belong to me. I have heard it referred to as "God's country," although others call it "godforsaken" with equal conviction. People used to argue that it belonged to the British or the French, and now I gather it's largely American owned. But I live here, so in a sense I belong to it.

In fact, I love it. I also hate it, as becomes a home. I've run away and come back, fled again and returned, chastened if not prodigal. The place often appears at its best when I'm somewhere else.

I was born in Toronto of an English father and a Scots mother. My maternal grandfather was a world traveler with friends who dropped in from anywhere, and so from the time I can remember anything Toronto was an international crossroads and simply the place I happened to live. It could just as easily have been anywhere else. When I was 10 my father left for the United States, of which he eventually became a citizen. So for a long time I had no particular sense of nationality — a status I enjoyed so much that when, in my thirties, I worked at the United Nations and signed a paper declaring me an "international citizen," I felt only that an official seal had been set on my natural condition.

It was not, in fact, until I knocked about the world a little more and discovered that others drew their own outline of "a Canadian" that I became aware there was such a thing.

Long before then I had sensed that something was wrong — that it would have been cleverer of me to have arranged to be born at a tonier crossroads. As a boy, beginning to write and paint and make music, it did not escape my notice that all the high-class models offered me as precepts sprang from a lifestyle subtly (sometimes blatantly) different from my own. My own, moreover, seemed universally to be regarded as inferior — especially by my fellow citizens. There was a general feeling that life here was pretty decent so far as it went, but it didn't go very far. If you wished to go farther you left the country.

Some years later I saw Gratien Gélinas in Montreal perform a sketch about the life of Jean-Baptiste, who finally faced his God on Judgment Day as an insignificant notary. God pointed to the stacks of might-have-been books the would-be poet could have written if he'd had the ambition — to which the bewildered little man replied: *"Mais, Père... je suis canadien-français!"* It was encouraging to find others worse off than I was.

What had gone wrong with the century that Laurier had promised both Gélinas and me would belong to Canada?

A couple of summers ago, on a small boat crossing the Aegean Sea, I met a man from Calgary. When I admitted I came from Toronto, he guffawed: "That's not Canada!" He was put out when I laughed amiably in return. Torontonians are supposed to bleed when pricked. Neither is New York the United States nor Rome Italy, but there no one imagines it is and would never think of casting it out on that account. In Canada we suffer from a virulent strain of consanguineous xenophobia: we hate the family more than we do the neighbors.

I've crossed the country several times, and lived for a while in Montreal, Halifax, Charlottetown, Vancouver. Aside from observing a few momentous sociological diversities — example: when Maritimers get drunk they become introverted and gloomy, while Westerners become extroverted and slaphappy — I found that Canadians had more in common than many of them seemed to think. In fact, I found almost unanimous agreement on two facets of our character: we are extremely virtuous (relative to other peoples), and (relative to other peoples) we know our place — low.

East or West, rich or poor, Protestant or Catholic, conservative, liberal or socialist — we're all in thrall to the national myth. Humility is the Highest Virtue. We have made a virtue of necessity: finding ourselves on the sidelines, we announce that it is a splendid place to be. If our lot is humble, let us nobly accept our lot, decent people don't push: leave the sins of avarice and cupidity and ambition to unholy foreigners — or at the most hire these sinners to do our dirty work for us.

Soon after we launched television in this country, I took a call from a complaining lady. "Why don't you fire all those amateurs you have," she asked, "and let us watch Buffalo in peace? Americans know how to entertain. Canadians will never learn — too many of us go to church." I marvel still at the superb ease with which she combined appreciation of others' fun with smugness at her own sobriety.

It has often been said that Canadians suffer from an inferiority complex. Nonsense: they sport a superiority complex. Having decided that humility is the highest virtue, and since plainly it is the richest of our natural resources, Canadians of all stripes have little difficulty in feeling both righteous and insignificant in the same pang. And by the same token, suspicion and contempt are the lot of those who flout the common belief. Nothing upsets these devout pessimists more, nothing more swiftly turns their apathy to anger, than a fellow Canadian who gets too big for *their* boots.

To make sure that this happens as seldom as possible, that few black sheep sully the family crest by rising above their station, we have developed some marvelously sophisticated techniques. (If a Canadian had only thought up *Catch-22* before Joseph Heller, he could have written rings around him.)

First of all, since everyone knows our roots lie in Europe, that storehouse of all that is finest in civilization (as Sir Kenneth Clark has recently reminded us), every injection from east of the Atlantic is a tonic, and every draught from the U.S.A. a poison. The choice is plain. Mother knows best — especially about culture — and we should do things her way or we'll get into trouble. Above all, do not attempt to stand on our own two feet.

On the other hand, few would deny that everything new, exciting, professional and big-time — even if fraught with poison — is coming these days from the U.S. Americans have know-how, and Canadians are to be judged by the degree to which they acquire that precious commodity — without, it need hardly be said, allowing ourselves to be taken over. Get "with it" but do not attempt to stand on your own two feet.

However, you are allowed to stand on your own two feet if you promise to be a good boy — a good little Canadian, which is to say, virtue incarnate. After all, have we not the world's best / *continued on page 92*

Playwright, actor, author, critic, producer, Mavor Moore is best known as the man who gave Canada Spring. There but he was also one of the creators of CBC-TV, he helped make the Charlottetown Festival the success it is today, and he built the St. Lawrence Centre for the Performing Arts in Toronto. Today he teaches at York University and pursues his first love: writing.



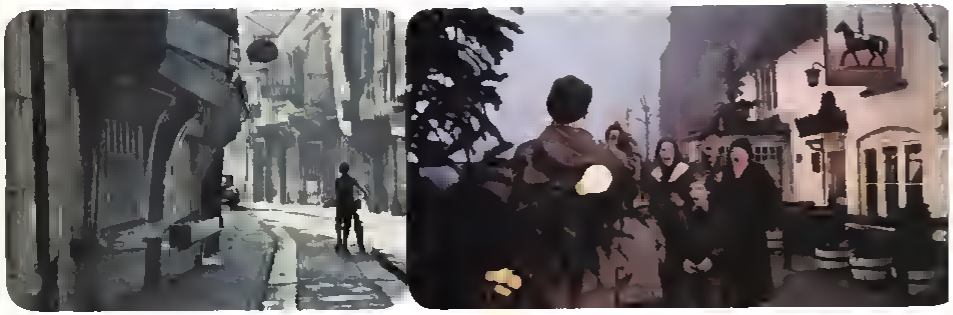
MICHAEL TOOTH

There's a new land waiting to be discovered.

A land for all seasons.



It's also a land of people. Past and present. On a leisurely autumn afternoon's walk through our cobbled streets, you'll see many of us living as our fathers did before us. And their fathers before them. On a mild winter's evening, when everything is still, you'll hear us caroling outside our cozy inns.





You can go to a feast in a medieval castle. On fresh spring mornings, you'll see our merfolk setting out from the colourful harbours that dot our coastline. And whole families exploring quiet channels lined with trees and little sipping spots that invite you to stop and rest awhile.



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We want you to have the grandest holiday you've ever had.

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In Scotland, we'll invite you for golf on the finest course in Scotland (or anywhere, for that matter), St. Andrews. Walk with you through the pure, sweet air of the highlands. Ski with you. Fish with you. And get to know you.

In Northern Ireland, we'll take you cruising through our calm, quiet lakeland. Exploring in our centuries-old cathedrals. Singing in our pubs. Sipping our ale, dancing our dances. You'll love it. So will we.

In Wales, we'll hold a banquet for you in an ancient castle. Serve you a freshly-caught lobster in a seaside cafe. Take you for a ride in a 100 year old train. Or in a boat made of leather, called a coracle.

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Box 430, Downsview, Ontario.

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

James H. Gray, whose story (*Prairie Chickens*, page 37) is taken from his new book *Red Lights On The Prairies*, is an old hand when it comes to researching the colorful past of the West. His previous best seller, *The Boy From Winnipeg*, won the UBC Medal for Popular Biography in 1970. Of his new book Gray says: "I spent about 300 hours reading the microfilms of just about all the newspapers of the Prairies. I also tracked down a couple of dozen ancient but lucid roués who filled in the gaps for me."

Alden Nowlan, whose profile of New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield appears on page 40, has lived all of his life in the Maritimes and actually went to school with the future premier. Nowlan won the Governor General's Award for Poetry for 1967. His latest collection of poems is *Between Tears And Laughter*, published by Clarke, Irwin. He has published one collection of short stories, *Miracle At Indian River*, and was awarded the President's Medal of the University of Western Ontario for the best short story published in Canada in 1970. Currently writer-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, he publishes a weekly column in *The Telegraph Journal*, Saint John, NB., of which he was formerly news editor.

Both these writers represent the kind of regional emphasis *Maclean's* is striving to achieve. During the past seven months we have published six feature articles from the Maritimes and 10 from the West. We intend to expand this coverage as part of our mandate as Canada's National Magazine.

Donald Creighton is Canada's most distinguished historian. His disturbing article which leads off this issue distills the wisdom he has garnered during nearly half a century of writing and teaching Canadian history. He is the holder of two Governor General's awards and a Molson prize, and his best known work is his definitive study of Sir John A. Macdonald. Professor Creighton is gloomy about Canada's future, but he feels his pessimism with such passion that we believe this country cannot help but survive as long as there are men such as Donald Creighton calling the danger signals. ■



It Hurts To Go To Bed Hungry . . .

Hunger, abandonment and lack of love are things she doesn't understand. But it still hurts. Little Lin Tai has just been abandoned at our Pine Hill Babies Home in Hong Kong. Police doubt her parents or relatives will ever be found. So we must find a sponsor for her.

How can you sponsor a child like Lin Tai? Here are answers to some questions often asked.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Children on our emergency list this month live in Brazil, Hong Kong, Taiwan (Formosa), India, Korea, Mexico.

Receipts for Income Tax are Issued Promptly

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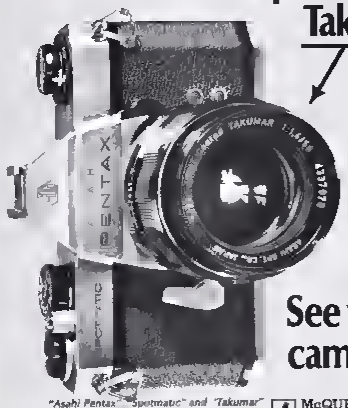
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CHEZ US

STELLARTON — Sixteen year old Barbara Brophy of Lourdes said she is used to meeting people walking along the sidewalk at Lourdes when she is heading to work at 7:30 a.m. but today she couldn't believe her eyes when she saw two young moose approaching her. She said the two moose were walking along nonchalant and before she had time to be scared a car came along and the moose crossed the road and headed in the direction of the river. Barbara said it was the first time she ever saw moose at close range. The instance this morning is one of the many where wildlife is reported within the limits of the towns and is an indication their population is on the increase.
THE EVENING NEWS, New Glasgow, NS

THERE IS STILL HOPE. Time, 7:40 a.m., Date, Wednesday, August 11, 1971, Place, Gardiner Expressway, near High Park. The traffic moving into Toronto is quite heavy, taking up all three lanes but it is moving fast. Suddenly, for no obvious reason, it comes to a quick halt. Another accident? As I crane my neck, I can hardly trust my eyes, a duck and her five ducklings are crossing the highway. Three motorists are jumping out of their cars, helping them to cross safely. What a treasure life is.
THE SPECTATOR, Hamilton

HALIFAX TRANSIT is searching for a bride and her party to get them to the church on time. This city's transportation authority is giving a free ride to the first party that applies for a ride on a specially decorated bus equipped with a red carpet, and bedecked with ribbons and other festive symbols. The corporation's general manager, Thomas McKim, said the "Bridal Bus" is far from being a joke. "It's actually intended as a convenient means of getting the blushing bride and her bridesmaids to the ceremonies without creasing gowns, trains and veils." He added that it will also help to reinforce the reputation of the corporation of getting to places on time. "The bridegroom can be sure that he won't be left in the lurch, if his wife-to-be travels this way with her attendants." Believed to be the first bus wedding party charter service in Canada, the corporation says that it doesn't expect to make much money. "After all," the general manager comments, "it's the only transit service which doesn't count on repeat customers."
THE MAIL-STAR, Halifax

Readers are invited to submit press clippings that offer some insight into Canadian life (no typographical errors or wire service stories please). We pay $5 for those we publish. Winners this month are William Cornish, Trenton, NS; Mrs. E. M. Morris, Hamilton; Mrs. C. R. Isnor, Halifax.



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Offer expires April 15, 1972

WATCHING THE SUN QUIETLY SET ON CANADA

BY DONALD CREIGHTON

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

The third in a series of articles by well-known Canadians that will explore our future in the Seventies—a period that could try this country's will to survive as has no other decade in our history

It is always difficult to set a date for the beginning of a political movement. Yet it seems to me that the conscious movement for the defense of Canadian nationalism had its origin in the famous debate over the trans-Canada pipeline in the parliamentary session of 1956. The first important fact to note about the movement is that it began so late. Seventeen years had elapsed since the opening of the Second World War, and these 17 years had utterly changed Canada's position in the world, seriously weakened her traditional defenses, and left her isolated and vulnerable. But Canadians remained curiously unaware of the vast changes that had occurred in their circumstances. Our leaders made no attempts to devise national policies for a nation that was becoming increasingly solitary and unprotected. And then the trans-Canada oil pipeline — a project not vastly more significant than others that had passed unnoticed before — suddenly awakened us for the first time to an acute sense of the danger of our position.

Of course, there was nothing new at all in our freshly perceived state of perilous insecurity. It had come slowly but inexorably into existence over a great many years, and the Second World War had simply hastened the completion of its development. The war accelerated the decline and gradual dissolution of the British Empire-Commonwealth, and it brought the United States to a position of dominating authority and influence in the world of Western Europe and the Americas. It was the combination of these two enormous world changes that completely altered the Canadian situation. Until after the First World War, Canadians had assumed that membership in the British Empire-Commonwealth would help to ensure their survival as a separate nation in North America and at the same time extend their influence throughout the world. For the first half-century after Confederation Great Britain had remained Canada's chief market and the principal source of her immigrants and capital. Above all, the imperial connection — what I have called the Anglo-Canadian alliance — provided the only counterweight which could correct the huge imbalance of power on the North American continent.

After the First World War, this

WE HAVE NEVER EVEN FORMULATED A STRATEGY FOR OUR OWN SURVIVAL

close association — political, economic and social — between Canada and Great Britain began to lose its vitality, and the Second World War and its consequences hastened the decline. It became increasingly obvious that neither the United Kingdom nor Canada regarded the Commonwealth as the mainstay of its protection or prosperity. Under Churchill and his successors England sought security in a special relationship with the United States and began seriously to consider the economic advantages of membership in the European Common Market. Canada was left alone in North America, in the immediate presence of the greatest military and industrial power on earth, a power which had successfully grasped the leadership of the western world and whose authority in North America would henceforth be completely unchecked and uncontrollable.

This was the fate which 19th-century Canadian thinkers had always feared. For them independence and separation from Great Britain simply meant isolation and weakness. How could four million Canadians, confronted by 40 million Americans, achieve any real *independence*? George M. Grant, the principal of Queen's University, asked in 1872. Seventy-five years later, in the 1940s and 1950s, the same hopeless disparity of numbers existed, but nobody had yet grasped the fact that this huge American preponderance might seriously threaten Canada's identity and its control of its own destiny. A continental economy, dominated by the United States, was rapidly coming into existence, and a continental defense system had already supplanted the military and political alliance of the Commonwealth. The moral and cultural personality of Canada — the sum total of its values, standards, traditions and beliefs — was assailed on all sides by the pervasive influence of the mass media — newspapers, periodicals, books, radio, television and movies — of the American Republic.

In 1956, for the first time, Canadians seemed to awake from their supine inertia. For a moment they gained some dim, confused idea of what had been happening to them. The angry pipeline debate proved that the Canadian people could at last be roused to protest the take-over of their natural resources by / *continued on page 83*



EULOGIES FOR EACH OTHER

THE old man has just retired, the kid is just beginning to put it all together, but they understand each other. Not as close friends — they're too busy making commercials and personal appearances and otherwise tending their money for that. And during the season, of course, there's no time for anything except hockey and the old man wore a red shirt and the kid wears a yellow. It's an understanding that comes from being small-town boys making it in the big city. The old man left Floral, Sask., the kid Parry Sound, Ont., and while it's nice, really nice, listening to the applause and making all that money, nothing beats going fishing. But, most of all, it's the feeling one artist has for another. It's how Alec Guinness must feel about Tom Courtenay, and Paul McCartney about Frank Sinatra. So who's the greatest hockey player of them all? Bobby says Gordie is and Gordie says Bobby is and who are we to argue?



BY BOBBY ORR

I find it tough to talk about Gordie. What can you say? He was just a fantastic hockey player. He did everything exceptionally well. You hear a lot about him, you could watch him on TV, but you had to watch this man *play* the game to really appreciate him. The things he did, a lot of people wouldn't even notice them.

Like wandering around the net. Whenever he was around the net he'd start taking guys out all by himself. He knew one of his men might have the puck so he'd just take you out of the play. Suddenly you'd look up and see one of his guys coming in on the net and you couldn't do anything about it because Gordie'd moved you out of the way. A lot of guys do that but when you're talking about Gordie, well Gordie did it well.

Gordie was fast. You watch a rookie, a young player, he does a lot of skating he doesn't have to do. Gordie only skated when he had to. Other than that he just paced himself. When he had to he skated fast. A rookie skates fast all the time. Gordie knew when to go and when not to go. That's just being smart. You get tired out too fast. I'm sure he'd slowed down a little from his prime — I wish I could have played with him, just to have seen him 13 years ago — but I remember an afternoon game in Boston, I was piddling around our end and as I crossed the blue line Gordie came from nowhere, he must have come from behind me, and poke-checked the puck off me and one of his teammates picked it up and went for a goal. He's an amazing guy.

Some hockey players mature late. The play-making, the big fakes, the things that make the game exciting to watch — they do it later. But Gordie, Gordie played that way for 25 years and still had it coming. An old fox doesn't forget, and Gordie never forgot. You'd watch him in a game when the other team had just scored a go-ahead goal in their favor. They were hot. The pace was picking up. And Gordie would say to himself, "The pace has got to slow down," and he'd take the puck and mess around, and the other team would cool off. And he'd done what he wanted to do. He'd put out the fire. He did that pretty well, too.

In my first year in the National Hockey League we were playing Detroit and I had a habit — I still have it but then it was really bad — of making a pass and then watching it. "Look at the pretty pass." Anyway, I was going in behind the Detroit net, this game, and I threw the puck out on one side and

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BY GORDIE HOWE

I remember a game in which I caught Bobby from behind and they gave me a penalty. Hooking the referee called it. I said to him, "You shouldn't give me a penalty, you should congratulate me. Anybody who catches Bobby Orr should get a medal."

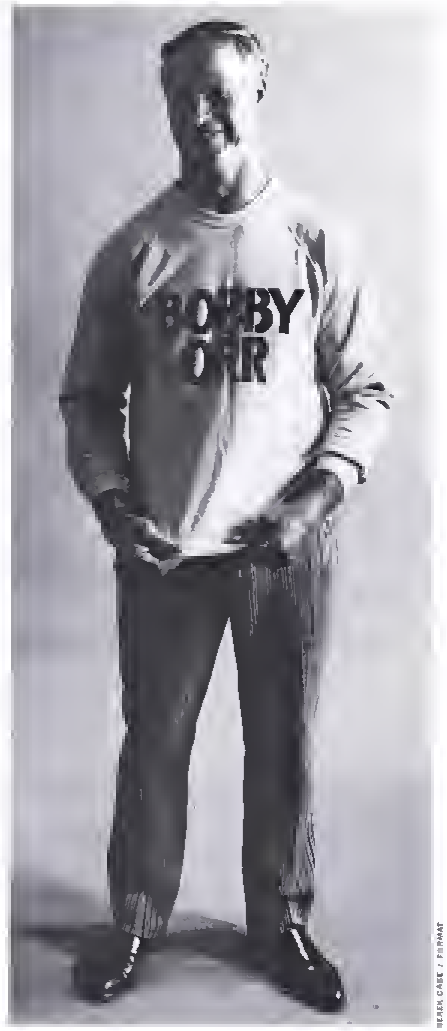
He was just a snotty-nosed kid when I first met him. Maybe 13 years old. We were visiting a summer camp near Parry Sound and somebody said, "Watch this kid, he's going to be a great one." It couldn't have been closer to the truth. The first game I saw Bobby play was against the Russians at Maple Leaf Gardens in 1965. He was part of an Ontario Junior-A all-star team they had put together. And there he was, only 16, and by far the best man on the ice. He must have felt the pressure — you know, you're playing for your country, you're not playing for yourself or your team, you're playing for millions of people — but even then he looked like an outstanding pro.

The thing that amazes me is his quickness. In that first all-star game we played together in Montreal, the Canadiens had that tremendous speed, the whole team, and how he could lead a rush, be checked and still be the first man back on defense I didn't know. Because of that quickness any move he makes has got to be exceptional. I talk to Bill Quackenbush who is in Boston and who sees Bobby day after day and I guess he does things that just pop your eyes out. Detroit plays Boston only six times a year so we're limited. But any time you play against him you're aware of his talent. It's not only his puck control, he's also one of the most accurate passers in the league and he can get the shot away as quick, if not quicker, than anyone I've ever seen. With that quickness, plus the ability to walk around anybody, and that heavy shot — I think he's got one of the better shots in hockey — he's got everything going for him. And he doesn't make mistakes — and how can you improve on that?

You have to chase him because if you don't he'll kill you. He's on the ice for 60% of the game or better, probably 80%, and they tell you to crowd him, play heavy to Orr's side. Let's face it, he's the thinking power. I know Phil and the rest of the boys had a great year, but partly that's because the other teams are playing heavy to Orr's side. He's such a threat out there, he's a real asset to the other players on the team.

When you sit in the opposition dressing room and listen to the way they talk about him — 'Get a good shot at him and maybe slow him down!'

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BEREK CAKE / FAIRMAT

VOICES FROM GOTHIC AVENUE

BY PENNEY KOME

The experience of one radical expatriate running north from America to find home

Once upon a time, when I had lived in Chicago all my life, I was shaking and poking my Josh to get him up. He had to go and be drafted. And I was standing at the front door watching him ramble down the walk, wondering what the hell we were doing.

He had some idea he could talk the army out of taking him. But he's tall, blond, healthy and well built. Looks like perfect soldier material. They soon found out different.

Because Josh believes in talking instead of fighting. He filed for Conscientious Objector status, giving his religion as Love. So he didn't carry a weapon. He wore orange beads and a bell, and he talked so much and so persuasively against the war that he was placed off limits. The men could talk to him but they weren't supposed to listen.

It was during his second session of basic training that his application for CO status was rejected. He stayed up that night playing poker to get together bus fare. Three days later I answered the door and knew my life was changed. This is crazy, I kept telling myself, this just isn't happening.

There was a very real fear for his safety, but mostly it was exciting to play cops-and-deserters. They never taught us about Canada in school, but stories were beginning to trickle through about a huge open country hiding its time in the north. Josh left the army on September 19, 1967, and landed in Toronto as an immigrant on December 29. He was just about to turn 21.

So here's 19-year-old Penney, wide green eyes taking a last look at Chicago, clutching a bouquet of feather flowers for Josh. I told the Immigration people the only thing I was sure of: I was coming to be with my man. They accepted that. I was glad. I'd been afraid someone would insist we get legally married, and my parents had made only one provision about coming up here. They didn't want me signing a marriage license. In light of their own divorce when I was six, this seemed sensible advice.

It was January in Toronto and we were strangers. At first I ached for the streets of home and kept a U.S. $20 bill in my jeans as a stash to buy my fare back to Chicago. Up here I was Josh's old lady, among people who'd taken him in because he had no place to go. We were starting with virtually nothing. Josh was wearing my clothes because he had none.

After about a month, the people we were staying with rented a big house and we moved into the basement. It was funny to have a home together. True, it needed a lot of work. We figured we had a lot of time. Josh went job hunting and I got money from the other folks in the house for cooking supper every night. I'd also saved up some money from working for the university at home. We were coasting and settling in. There was such a lot to explore in the new city. The range and multitude of shops on Queen Street knocked me out. It was a far cry from the three supermarkets and two shopping centres at home.

It seems strange, but life then was practically idyllic. Every night was like a party. Every morning Josh and I woke up at the same time and he'd stretch and yawn and say he loved me. His birthday came shortly after we moved in. I remember looking at my last pay cheque forwarded from home and shaking my head. Seventy dollars we had to last indefinitely. I cashed the cheque and blew 20 bucks on a silver ring for him.

The fine times continued until one morning in the middle of March. We woke up and there were three men in business suits at the foot of our mattress. They said they were police officers and we weren't supposed to move. One guy opened the corner cabinet next to the bed and pulled out a pipe. He shook it in my face and asked what it was used for. I said I didn't know. He said, "Shut up, bitch."

Josh came awake in a hurry to protest the cop's language. The cop asked if we were married and Josh shook his head. The man was triumphant. "Then she's a bitch." They found and confiscated a pipe I'd gotten Josh for Christmas, a hookah, two vials of pipe scrapings, a butt end with green matter in it, a package of cigarette papers and a little brass bell on a rawhide string which Josh always wore around his neck.

And here we go to jail. We spent the night in separate drunk tanks and had bail set at $1,000 each. Our friends found a house to put up for Josh's security, but I was in jail four days more while they rounded up cash.

God, the air smelt good without any walls around it. Josh was like a puppydog, running round and round me in circles, jumping up to kiss me and falling back to look at me.

So suddenly we were under pressure again. The charges in themselves were minor. But conviction meant deportation. And for Josh, that meant Leavenworth.

Fortunately, our lawyer, Paul Copeland, of Copeland & Ruby, is a very funny, very together man. He put forward a plan of action that, including remands and appeals, promised us two or three years' reprieve. And he guided us through the red tape. I had to go through Immigration and get my landed-immigrant status. We had to go through Legal Aid to get enough



money to pay for our defense.

Josh got a job delivering diapers. The work was hard and rotten, but the weekly pay was high, he worked on his own, and he didn't have to cut his hair. We scrounged and scrubbed and painted and faked it and made our basement into a very pleasant little flat. I had my own kitchen and Josh had a workroom.

And we had a pair of fine friends, Steve and Michelle. Steve is a tall lank blond draft-dodger whose dad is a colonel. He was in the country illegally. His dad was cooperating with the authorities. When Steve was denied entrance at Buffalo, he'd had no real choice but to slip around and come in through Windsor. He couldn't work without papers. Michelle, a pretty Canadian redhead, was supporting him.

Spring came, and then summer. We were becoming assimilated. My kid brother Bill came to spend the summer with us. The cops came back once but didn't really bother us. We went to court and requested trial by judge and jury. The FBI finally contacted our families, who were not cooperative. Soon we were watching the CNE fireworks every night from our street corner, and then Bill went home to school. Thanksgiving snuck up — I wasn't expecting it until November. We had 20 people to supper and it was riotous.

And after Thanksgiving come birthdays for me and Michelle, both Scorpio. We had kind of a quiet celebration though. Steve was in jail. He'd thought maybe he could apply again to live here. He sent a letter to Immigration, forwarding it through his parents' home in New York State. Three weeks later the cops pounded on the door and took him away. Immigration had to set the bail and that took a week. Finally we sprung him, and he was given working papers pending a special hearing in Ottawa. Everybody suddenly realized that his only real hope of staying in Canada lay in marrying Michelle.

We celebrated Christmas and New Year's uproariously, culminating with moving into our very own first-floor flat. Before long, we had a houseful of hippies including Michelle's kid sister Dawn, fresh from the Prairies, and a little black pup named Ruby, who died before she had lived six months.

Steve's parents came up for a visit in February and fortunately the screaming match about the war only lasted a day. My attitude about the Asian catastrophe is pretty well summed up in Dr. Spock's book, *Dr. Spock Speaks On Vietnam*. I've got a lot of respect for documentation. Spock presents overwhelming proof that the Vietnamese people are spontaneously revolting against an incredibly corrupt, feudal U.S.-imposed government. And is it patriotism, then, to slaughter simple peasant folk endlessly because they will not vote the way we want them to? Is it glory to have an authentic testing ground for nerve gases? Does not the Big Lie of the affluent society begin to smell like another, earlier, Big Lie?

Steve proposed to Michelle, and changed his mind, and proposed again, and so forth, until I finally told her to shoot him and have done with it. They were married on Good Friday, in the United Church. About 40 people showed up for the wedding and the feast afterward. About a dozen of us got together for the Easter mescaline trip. I only trip about once a year now, and I like to make it at Easter. There's a terrific sense of rebirth in the coming of spring.

One day in May Josh awoke, cut his hair and shaved his moustache. We dressed solemnly and made our way down to the new courthouse for our trial. We felt detached from the proceedings. We were sure to be convicted, though the evidence against us was flimsy. One of the exhibits produced against us was a pack of cigarette papers. In the morning we went through the formalities of choosing the jury and hearing the charges. I sat and held Josh's hand and read the crest behind the judge over and over: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Then the Crown presented its case — that is, the police.

The officers obviously disliked us. I'd written a letter to the *Star* complaining that Josh's brass bell had disappeared after the raid. He wore that bell through the army and it had great sentimental value. The newspaper hadn't gotten its return, but it did get one officer called on the carpet. The police testified that they found us asleep together, naked, in a room containing a hookah which lab analysis proved had once been used for smoking cannabis. There were other goodies around the basement. They got us dressed and dragged us sleepyheaded down to the clink.

Paul swung the cross-examination around to other points. Had they arrested anyone else at that time? Yes, a suspected trafficker who lived on the first floor. Had we ever said that we lived there or acknowledged the paraphernalia as ours? No, we hadn't said much of anything at all. Paul then gave a neat demonstration of squinting into a pipe bowl while he asked, "How do you officers tell what a pipe's been used for? I always thought marijuana was green." The officer replied that he was there on a drug raid and knew what to look for. Paul thanked him and dismissed him.

The Crown rested its case. Paul moved that the charges be dismissed on grounds that no one had proved we had either knowledge or control of the drug. The Crown was flabbergasted. The police were not happy. The judge took the motion under consideration and recessed court for the day. We passed the night in a cold sweat.

In the morning the judge went through the technicalities of hearing precedents and then he recalled the jury. He told them that a mistake had been made, that our case should never have come to court at all. A jury cannot be dismissed without returning a verdict. So he instructed them to choose a foreman, quickly so we could all go home for lunch, and return to him the verdict, Not Guilty.

This incredible shock wave went through the room and slammed into Josh and me. Paul came over and said, "You can look happy now." We left, whooping and dancing down the courthouse corridors. Paul pretended he didn't know us, but he couldn't stop laughing either.

And suddenly we were adrift again, whirling and spinning and trying to find a lifetime course. Josh was perplexed. He wanted to start building a career somewhere outside the Establishment but he didn't know where. We bought a truck with the released bail money we'd been working so long to pay back; I had a cocktail waitress job at night and Josh would wait up for me suspiciously. He was putting time and effort into a venture with another guy whereby they would incorporate and build geodesic domes. But it fell through.

Something else fell through that summer. Steve and Michelle split up. They had lived together for two years, and three months after they made it legal it disintegrated. Steve moved into a job and apartment in Rochdale College, of which we'd heard many wild rumors. The building was already becoming legendary. A month later we moved in with him. We had dissolved our house and spent September in Orillia trying to land a juicy dome contract. We came back to the city with little money and no place to stay. So we shared Steve's Aphrodite (one-bedroom) apartment in Rochdale for three months.

The activity within the building is mind-boggling. / *continued on page 98*

PRAIRIE CHICKENS

BY JAMES H. GRAY

The bare naked truth about pioneer brothels and how the West was won

Nothing like the great mass migration into Canada's West during the first decades of the 20th century had ever happened in the world before. Between 1900 and 1915, the combined efforts of government, railways and free-lance land agents lured more than one million immigrants to the three prairie provinces. Their coming ushered in the bawdiest, brawlingest, drunkenest and backbreakingest era in prairie history. It was also the most puritanical, law-abiding, Sabbatarian and pietistic. It was an era in which the forces of self-righteousness collided head on with the entrenched forces of prostitution. That was a collision which generated uproarious civic turmoil, made and unmade reputations and political careers, disrupted the even tenor of law enforcement, and turned Protestant pulpits into launching pads for morality crusades.



Whether the newcomer detrained at Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or Saskatoon, the view from the station platform was remarkably similar. Hotels and bars caught his eye in any direction. Beyond the hotels were wholesale warehouses and retail stores, and in the distance houses for the citizens were being frantically carpentered into existence.

The overwhelming male population was hived together in housing congestion that was soon beyond belief and far beyond the ability of any figures to describe. Between 1901 and 1911, for example, Calgary grew from 4,398 to 43,704, and Edmonton from 4,176 to 30,479. In all the cities houses were built before sewer or water connections were possible. So they became cities of backyard privies which filled the surrounding countryside with nauseous odors on the hot summer nights.

In addition to being overwhelmingly male, the immigrants who caused such congestion were also predominantly young, predominantly single and predominantly robust. In the age of the railroad builders, all the heavy work was done by strong young backs. They dug, graveled, tied and graded the rights of way with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow. On construction jobs, where there was little mechanization, the men sometimes worked a 16-hour day.

Here, in short, was a male population in the prime of life, glowing with the virility of youth and in the superb physical condition that a steady diet of hard work produced. If they were not driven by sheer animal exuberance to seek the female companionship of the brothels, they would have been driven to do so by the stinking atmosphere of their overcrowded rooming houses. Of this there cannot be the slightest doubt. When the young settlers downed their tools on payday, a visit to their favorite bordellos was close to the top of the evening's cultural agenda.

The social upheaval engendered by the booze and the broads was surely of greater continuing interest to the pioneer communities than all the other issues put together. Yet historians have managed to create the illusion that the West was settled by monks, eunuchs and vestal virgins, interested only in debating such ethereal issues as free trade, the Manitoba Schools question and discriminatory freight rates.

No such society could ever have turned prostitution into a major industry, as it clearly was in Winnipeg where 200 women were employed in the 48 McFarlane Street and Annabella Street brothels, in Calgary which once boasted three segregated areas, and in Edmonton where the brothels spilled over from Kinistino Street in all directions. How many girls plied their profession on the prairies can hardly be estimated. In Winnipeg police magistrate Daly once complained that there were hundreds of streetwalkers there. One Edmonton madam, in 1914, put the number of practising prostitutes at between 400 and 500. Regina, Moose Jaw and Lethbridge all had their brothel districts although they functioned on more modest scales than those in the larger centres.

Winnipeg was both the first prairie city and the accepted trend setter for the cities that came after. After Manitoba joined Confederation Winnipeg went on such a binge of hotel-saloon building that in 1876 the YMCA was able to couple it with Barrie, Ontario, as the two most wicked communities in Canada. Brothels were opening up everywhere. The Reverend J. B. Silcox of the Congrega-

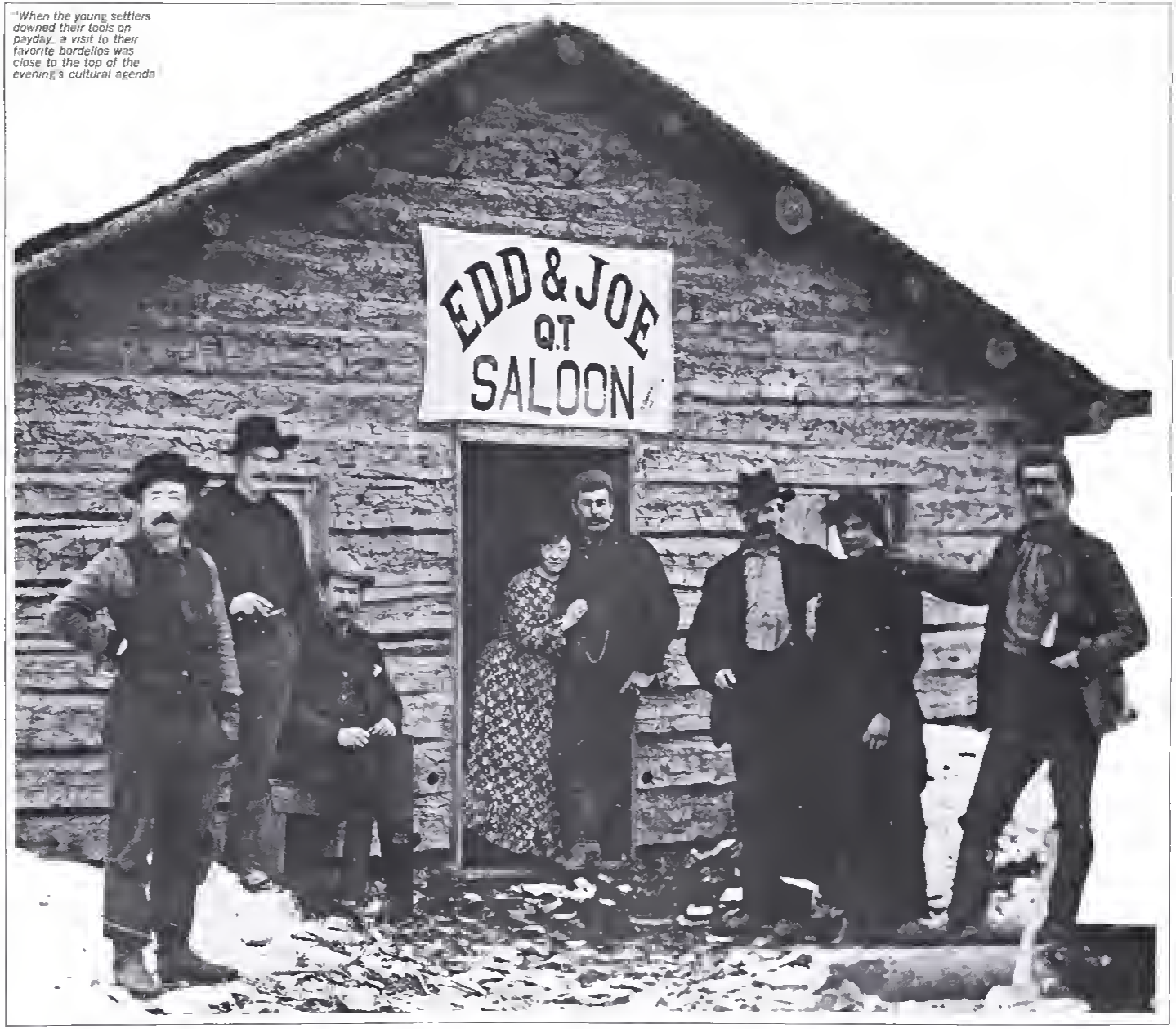
tional Church was moved to say of the period: "On the outskirts of Ephesus were the infamous Groves of Daphne where crowds of licentious votaries held a perpetual festival of vice. So on the western outskirts of our city stands in unblushing impudence the same monstrous iniquity throwing its blighting shade over our fair city. There in these abodes of vice are the depths of immorality, debauchery and death. In their swinish precincts the youth of our land are beguiled and ruined, body and soul. Let us drive out these leprous libertines who out-Judas Judas!"

Like all Winnipeg policemen, Chief John McRae was an imposing figure. Over six feet in height, he habitually wore the peak of his cap well down over his eyes, whose color matched the steely grey of his moustache. That there was steel in his personality as well as in his mien can be assumed from the fact that he survived for more than 20 years as head of the Winnipeg police department and built it into one of the best in the country. But he was also a man who knew how to obey orders as well as give them. On January 7, 1904, the new police commission gave the chief his orders — raid the Thomas Street brothels and drive the prostitutes out of business.

It did him no good to argue that this would spread the women all over the city. Orders were orders, and the chief laid his plans to carry them out. To prevent a leak to the district, no one on the force was taken into his confidence. When the night shift arrived for duty the following Saturday, he gathered the entire force together and issued his instructions. They were to proceed at once to the Thomas Street houses, arrest all the women keepers and their employees, and transport them bodily to the police station in the conveyances provided. For the occasion the chief called in a dozen hired hacks to supplement his own horse-drawn paddy wagon, and assembled them in front of the James Avenue station.

The long procession moved down Main Street and out Portage Avenue at a leisurely pace. By the time they got to Thomas Street the houses were beginning to jump with the usually brisk Saturday trade. The raid went off without a hitch, accompanied by considerable confusion and shouted protests from the customers. Individual houses had been raided before, for unseemly conduct or on suspicion of harboring fugitives from the law. But a raid on the entire settlement violated everybody's sense of the fitness of things, including, if truth were known, that of most of the raiding policemen.

It quickly became apparent that the transport facilities were inadequate. While they waited for the arrival of more hacks, the raiding party sorted out its catch. The madams were all identified, as were the working prostitutes. The names of the customers were taken and then they were ordered on their way. But it was not a particularly cold night so they gathered in front of the houses and awaited further excitement. As the police emerged from the houses with their prisoners in tow the crowd jeered loudly and followed the parade of prostitutes and escorts all the way to the police station. There they stood 10 deep in front of the station and hooted at the police in the late-arriving hacks. The police bag for the night included 12 keepers of bawdy houses, 72 women inmates, and four male porters. While the arraignments were taking place, the chief thoughtfully ordered a guard to be posted against looting in all the houses that the raid left vacant. The women who ran the joints were all fined $40 when they pleaded guilty, while their employees were each assessed $20. All were warned by the magistrate that the era of segregated prostitution was over for Winnipeg and that they must either reform, leave town, or face much stiffer penalties if they ever again appeared in court. / *continued on page 64*



"When the young settlers downed their tools on payday, a visit to their favorite bordellos was close to the top of the evening's cultural agenda



HATFIELD COUNTRY

Where a politician can be culturally immersed without drowning

BY ALDEN NOWLAN

Originally my interview with Richard Hatfield, premier of New Brunswick, was scheduled for midnight. The legislature in Fredericton was sitting all day every weekday and the greater part of the evening. Besides, Dick Hatfield and I first became acquainted years ago largely because we were among the very few inhabitants of the midwestern New Brunswick town of Hartland (population approximately 1,000 in 1901 and approximately 1,000 in 1971, site of the 1,282-foot "longest covered bridge in the world," and located "in the heart of the potato kingdom," according to its Chamber of Commerce) who stayed up past eleven o'clock.

In those days Hatfield had only recently come home from Ottawa where he was executive assistant to Gordon Churchill, John Diefenbaker's minister of trade and commerce, to join the family business, a potato-chip plant, and I was working for the local weekly newspaper, which consisted almost entirely of birth, marriage and death announcements, together with advertisements for revival meetings. *Judah "Bent Knees" Benjamin, converted fugitive from a Georgia chain gang, will preach in convict stripes and wearing a ball and chain at the Knights of Pythias Hall next Saturday night. Come praying, come believing, come expecting a great blessing. Bring your instrument and join the orchestra.*

I also spent a good deal of time sunbathing, drinking beer and learning to write poems in the hills outside of town, where there were red foxes, white-tailed deer and great flocks of red-winged blackbirds. Dick and I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT CHAPMAN

Hatfield's political career might be said to have begun the day he was born

generally ran into one another around three or four o'clock in the morning at the home of Norris Hayward, a ham radio operator, who on nights when we weren't there conversed with other hams in places like Sakhalin, Kuwait and Surinam.

The midnight interview didn't come off although, as scheduled, I took a cab down the hill from the University of New Brunswick campus where I live (Fredericton is three distinct communities — the universities, the government, and the city itself, a thoroughly Canadian small town trading centre beautifully disguised as an English cathedral town) to the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel (next door to the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and across the street from the Beaverbrook Playhouse) where Hatfield, a 40-year-old bachelor, rents a two-room suite, probably the most modest living quarters of any Canadian premier. A few minutes after I'd arrived, and before I'd asked any pertinent questions except how did he like being premier, and he'd answered, "I love it," there was a telephone call from the lieutenant-governor, Wallace Bird, who has a suite in the same hotel. He was inviting Hatfield downstairs for a nightcap with the man he'd defeated, Louis Robichaud, Liberal premier from 1960 to 1970, who had resigned from the legislature earlier that day to become chairman of the Canadian section of the International Joint Commission. This being the Maritimes I was asked to tag along.

The lieutenant-governor seems a gentle and modest man, mildly embarrassed but not overawed by the trappings and prerogatives of his office. I've observed almost exactly the same rather boyish mixture of shyness and self-possession in grand masters of the Masonic Order, outfitted in their silk hats, collars and aprons. He mixed and served the drinks himself, which disappointed me a bit, especially after a couple of refills when I silently resolved that if ever I became lieutenant-governor I'd wear a black and gold uniform like Charlton Heston in *Khartoum*, and have my Scotch and water handed to me by a faithful oriental valet.

Hatfield and Robichaud talked shop, discussing the trivia of their trade with relish and in a kind of elliptical jargon, as people who work at the same job tend to do, whether they're plumbers, poets or politicians. Robichaud, New Brunswick's first elected Acadian premier, looks a bit like a Gallic Mickey Rooney. A lawyer who never went to law school and a professional politician since the age of 26, it has always seemed to me that he was partly an unashamed political adventurer, and partly a tough, bold and imaginative reformer, and that these two elements in his character varied in proportion, almost from moment to moment, somehow complementing one another more often than they conflicted.

During the 1960s Robichaud led New Brunswick through its own Quiet Revolution. His Program of Equal Opportunity transferred the administration and financing of education, welfare and hospital care from the municipalities to the province, in an attempt to equalize taxes and services. It replaced a system of local government that had existed since the 18th century and which had become increasingly impotent as county councils came to depend more and more on provincial subsidies. In some counties, prior to the program, the local council had no real control over any money except a few hundred dollars raised in selling dog licenses and spent in paying farmers for sheep killed by dogs. New Brunswick is about 40% Acadian, since the areas where services were poorest and taxes, proportionately, highest were largely French speaking, Robichaud was accused of "robbing Peter to pay Pierre." He also trod on the toes of the province's economic elite, including the Saint John industrialist, K. C. Irving. However, racial and religious bigotry actually diminished during the Robichaud years, when even the most red-necked WASP discovered that, contrary to his expectations, a French-speaking Catholic premier could sit in Fredericton without importing the papal guards and introducing the Inquisition.

This night, perhaps because it was a sentimental sort of occasion, Hatfield and Robichaud seemed to me to regard one another with an almost affectionate respect, tinged on either side with the faintest hint of condescension.

"When I was first elected to the legislature," Hatfield says, "people used to ask me, What kind of man is Louis Robichaud?' I told them I didn't know Louis Robichaud, I knew Premier Robichaud, which was an entirely different thing. Once you get to be premier you can't get to know people in quite the same way as you could before. You can't be quite as spontaneous, you can't be quite as frank as you'd like to be. That's the one thing I don't like about the job, the constant risk of becoming schizophrenic."

Well, what kind of man is Richard Bennett Hatfield? (He was named for the Richard Bennett who was Tory prime minister when he was born. His father, Heber Hatfield, was a Member of Parliament from 1940 until his death in 1952.) He's a big man, six feet tall and 195 pounds, but he's one of those big men who are so well proportioned and coordinated that they're not usually remembered as being big. He's 40, but looks 10 years younger when he's fresh and five years younger when he's tired. During the election he upset some members of the Tory hierarchy by appearing on television in a turtleneck sweater. (There's still a powerful faction within the party that refers to him derisively as "that boy.") But, generally, he dresses fairly conservatively, except he wears what's considered conservative by young executives in big cities (including kaleidoscopic shirts and ties) rather than what's considered conservative in the Maritimes, where the traditional uniform of the politician is the three piece suit, the homburg hat and the 50 cent cigar, and where some workingmen still wear cloth caps with their Sunday suits, like their English counterparts. He has sideburns now that they're stylish just as he wore an Ivy League haircut when it was the fashion. Throughout his political career, which began in earnest when he entered the legislature in 1961, although in another sense it might be said to have begun the day he was born, he's been worried about being judged too young in a province where the proverb "young men for war, old men for counsel" is still quoted with approval.

A close friend of long standing, Dalton Camp, who was born at Woodstock, 12 miles from Hatfield's birthplace, Hartland, says that Hatfield is the most thoroughly contemporary politician in Canada. That may well be true. Certainly his outlook and style are startlingly different from those of any previous Maritime political leader. In a region where historically the Grits and Tories have been less political parties than tribal cults — reminiscent, at their worst, of the New Guinea cargo cults that offer sacrifices and mouth incantations in hope of obtaining wealth and power for distribution among their members — Hatfield

/ *continued on page 76*

MOM'S LIB

INTERVIEWED BY MERLE SHAIN

Oscar Wilde said that all women become their mothers and that is their tragedy. That can be taken as either a statement about women or Oscar Wilde. No matter. Oscar is dead and buried and a whole new generation of women have grown up yelling Power To The People. The People in this case is them, the new liberated ladies. And whether Mom approves is neither here nor there. So, as Women's Lib takes its place in history, it is possible that a small but significant question will go on unasked. The question is: What kind of a mom would bring up a little girl like Betty Friedan or Maryon Kantaroff? The answer is, this kind.



KRISTA MAEOT'S MOM

Mrs. Erika Maeots, 53, is moving around her Ozzie-and-Harriet kitchen inside a small but bright bungalow not far from downtown Calgary. On the formica and chrome kitchen table is a luncheon of ham slices and cottage cheese with dill, appetizingly spread across the everyday china. The Estonian woman is about to take warm buns from the oven. Her daughter is Krista Maeots, journalist, founding member of the New Feminists (Toronto branch of Women's Lib) and a lady lively enough to run for the presidency of the Ontario NDP while heavy with child. Her husband, a prominent member of the NDP, has often been photographed washing the dishes. Krista's mom, however, would never consider asking her husband to wash the dishes. Remember what Kipling said. "Daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in my own."

"I was brought up in an old-fashioned way. I just love to serve my husband. I like him to protect me and at the same time I like to look after him like my generation was supposed to. My husband is a strong character man. He would not give me a hand with the babies. Now Jim helps Krista with the baby. Wheo my husband sees this he says, 'Don't you get any ideas.'

'But Krista always had a terrible strong mind of her own. If I say, 'White is white,' she'd say, 'Yes, Mother, but I think it is black.' Krista is like her father that way. There is no changing their minds. To Women's Lib some girls are just yelling but don't know what they're yelling about. But Krista feels so deeply about how others feel. She has so much feeling for kids, animals, all peoples smaller than her. When she was child, I would yell at her and she would get hurt in her eyes. I used to think deep down in my heart Krista would become social worker. Now I don't worry. She likes so much the politics. But she is not the type to push Women's Lib on her mother.

"When I was young I wanted to be an artist. I had all the papers to enter art school. Then my mother changed her mind. She decided it was not proper for girl. She decided I should take home economics. I think you call it here. Preparing for good marriage. I call it. There was a time when my husband and I both worked but still housework was for me. I hate housework.

"Things are changing. Our generation had big walls. Didn't believe in abortion and everything. Now you hear the young people. They are so outspoken. Sex is so beautiful and not supposed to be advertised all over the streets. Naturally I don't approve. How you going to stop it? I think young people use words as a bogey man for their parents. They say word and parents turn purple. Once I asked Krista, 'When are you going to get married and make me grandmother?' and Krista says, 'You know, Mother, you don't have to get married to do that.' But doesn't matter how times change though. I still think the man should be a little domineering. Man have to be more domineering if you want to have a happy marriage."



HEATHER PRITTIE'S MOM

Don t mess with Heather Prittie She is tall blond very feminine and merely 20 But don't mess with her Recently in Toronto a strange man followed her four blocks in his car Irritated, she kicked the car's headlight in broke the aerial off and smashed him in the nose She is studying wrestling with a boy at her commune Her main radical function is to organize hb cells among girls in high schools and factories Heather's mom Grace Prithe 53, lives in Burnaby, BC, and has recently separated from her husband (a former Member of Parliament) after a 30-year marriage She is now sitting on her living-room couch in a weekend cottage on Bowen Island

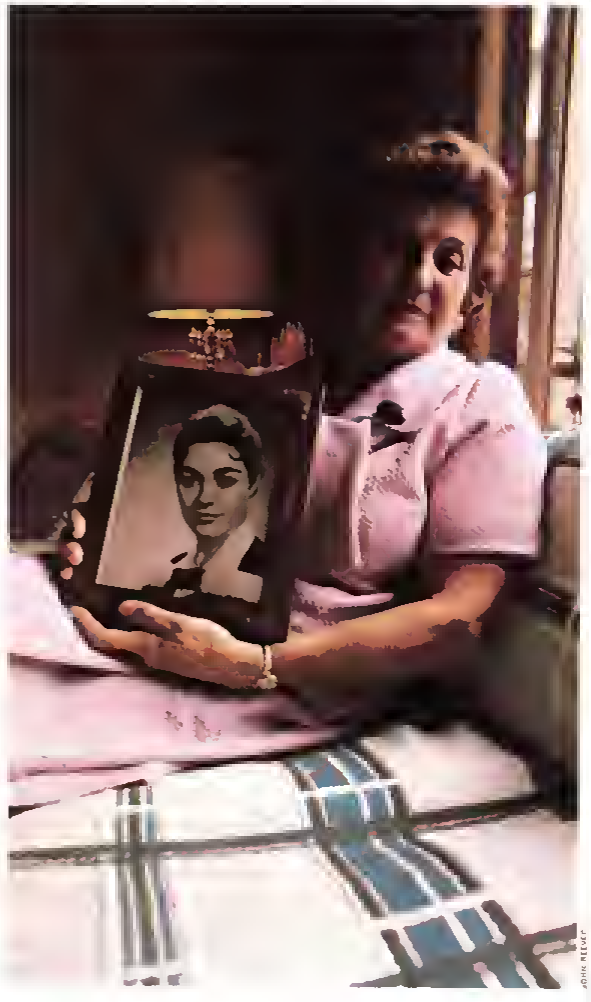
"Heather was more strong willed than either of her brothers When I was nursing her, her arms and legs kept going all the time Thrashing about as if she wanted to be independent She would never accept a bottle She just threw it away She wouldn t suck on it She wouldn't stay in a playpen either, and as soon as we built a fence around the yard she was out and running down the street, in her bare feet. She could tie her shoes by the time she was two When she finished high school she left home, to go east She wasn't yet 18 Nothing she does surprises me

"I grew up during the Depression and my parents were strong minded We never communicated and I never questioned their decisions They never asked me what I wanted to do When I finished school I grabbed the first job I could get When I was first married my husband was teaching and running for and losing elections and our house was always busy When he went back to university I did all kinds of horrid jobs I detested Perhaps I should have said, 'I m not working I'm going to university to get a career too,' but I didn't I built my world around my husband because I felt he had an important contribution to make to society I believed in what he was doing Maybe that's why I feel resentful now that I have nothing to believe in

"I wonder if young girls today would do what I did just because they believe in a man I can't see Heather doing it She says she doesn't know if she will ever marry She lived with a young man for a while and now she is living in a commune I guess in a few years marriage will be a thing strictly between the two people

"I think a young girl in today's world should protect herself by getting training in some field I was a nursery-school teacher for a while, but I was so busy working on my husband's career I never thought of getting a certificate I can't just walk in anywhere now and get a job, and I wish I could I wish I could say to my husband, 'The hell with you, I don't want alimony,' and go out and support myself, but I can t

"Heather is a lot like her father I am extremely proud of her She is a person Strong and independent I wish I'd been more like Heather was with me with my own parents I am really angry with myself that I wasn't Why wasn't I?"



MARYON KANTAROFF'S MOM

Maryon Kantaroff, 38, is a Toronto sculptress and a radical speechmaker for the New Feminists She is quite beautiful and whenever she speaks she draws men the way pollen draws bees The newspaper reports never fail to point out this physical fact and she says it's because "the media is male oriented," Could be But as she says herself, "Things are really starting to move " Maryon Kantaroff views the revolution from the vantage point of a small Willowdale bungalow where she lives with Mom and Dad Her parents left Bulgaria to live in Canada and still have thick accents Dad has recently retired from his billiard-hall business Mom enters the living room carrying tea and cookies and her finest china on a wooden tray Two cats try to appear unconcerned as she places the tray on the coffee table There is a doily under the teapot Mrs. Kantaroff speaks in a broken English that has a way of happening upon lucidity

"Since Maryon was born she was different. She was so quiet. No crying and she didn't wet the bed. She was trained from three months. Sometimes my son would say to Maryon, 'Bring me milk' Maryon would hate this and say, 'Get up and get your own milk' But I would say, 'Now Maryon, bring him little milk' I don't know why Because he is the oldest? Because he is a boy? I was making differences. I never let either my son or my husband help in the house My son now helps his wife with the housework and sometimes I am getting mad But he enjoys it

"The village I was born in was so poor everything was impossible for me. For my mother, I'm bringing wood or water, always something There was seven children We had to help my mother feed us because she was a widow I always worked Education was out of question My mother was thinking I don't need education because I am going to marry someday and the man will support me The man does not want the woman to be smart My husband can't stand it if I tell him something he doesn't know He has to know everything If he hears from a man he will believe it. Forty one years I am living with the same man and he is always trying to push me down But he has a good heart, he puts me down because he is living 50 years behind the times

"At first I was wanting Maryon to get married, especially to a man of her own nationality. Now I don't think so necessarily Only if she finds a man exactly her way of living Marriage life is wonderful if it is 50-50 If women wants to go working too, why should she stay home, wash, clean and get nervous? Meo don't want women to get power When I work my husband hated it He felt he is not King of the House. I said if house nice, cooking okay, then you can't stop me

"Still lot of women are keeping themselves down They don't want to give up their easy life. I often say to Maryon, 'You know, Maryon, you gonna see more damage done to Women's Lib from the women not from the men' We damage ourselves."



BETTY FRIEDAN'S MOM

It is a hot day at Leisure Lodge, a retirement community in Laguna Hills, California, and Mrs. Miriam Oberndorf, age 73, is taking a light lunch of eggs Florentine and iced tea on the porch of her stucco cottage. After lunch she may go door-to-door selling her "bio-degradable household products for a clean environment" or ride her exercycle for a while. Then again, she may not. She has been recently widowed for the second time and has a 50-year-old daughter. Under her perfectly groomed white hair is an attractive expressive face. Her daughter is Betty Friedan, who wrote The Feminine Mystique *in 1963 and has since become the mother superior of the Women's Liberation movement. Mrs. Oberndorf keeps a careful eye on her daughter's career and, like most moms, has a few ideas about it.*

"Betty gets her brains from her father. We could tell she had an outstandingly brilliant mind from the start. She never spoke baby talk. She always spoke in grammatically perfect sentences. When she was five we took her to a psychologist and he asked if we were afraid she would have a problem with boys because she was so smart. He said we couldn't change things.

"When Betty was at Berkeley she had a little love interest but it didn't work out. After she came home to Peoria she acted like it was the end of the world and wanted to be psychoanalyzed. But her father put his foot down and wouldn't allow it. Then she met Carl (Friedan) and he was having all sorts of problems and Betty had problems and I have a feeling that they thought if they got married they could help each other. But, you know, she wrote that book and her income was in six figures, she was very much sought after and, well, Carl couldn't cope with it. When I think of what Betty put up with to save that marriage. But it didn't do any good. I knew the book would be the ruination of their marriage.

"I approve of Women's Lib but I most heartily disapprove of some of the methods Betty used. Like barging into a cocktail bar which is just for men and demanding to be served. And sometimes I see Betty on TV and I think she puts her cause down. Once I saw her with Senator Percy and she got so excited she didn't let him get a word in edgewise. Of course her brain works fast, like even her handwriting is indecipherable. I think bra burning is ridiculous. Why, it should be beneath the dignity of any woman. I don't think you have to promote a cause. But I approve of day care. When I was raising Betty I had a nurse. My mother had a very good life, she always had a maid in the house.

"I don't think any man or woman can be fulfilled without companionship based on true affection. The older you get the more you realize how true that is. If Betty had a husband like her father she would be happier. And I guess I would be more proud of her accomplishments if I thought they had brought her happiness. I didn't come into my own until I married Harry Goldstein. He molded me."



THE TABLE TALK OF E.P. TAYLOR

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

He sits there blue-eyed, all smiles and forgiveness, his cherry-cheerful face grooved by lines of mellowing pugnacity and it's not easy to think of E. P. Taylor as a symbol of anything except the pleasures of graceful aging. But only a decade ago Eddie Taylor stood out in the struggle between the haves and have-nots in this country as the ultimate personification of riches gained and power wielded. Taylor was the most successful entrepreneur of his generation, and his commonwealth of companies, controlled through tiers of loosely connected holding subsidiaries with annual sales of $1.5 billion, accounted for a far greater proportion of Canada's gross national product than General Motors did within the American economy. Taylor was the acknowledged master of the capitalist philosophy, viewing the free enterprise system as a successful arrangement of human affairs which allocates maximum benefits to those who are the most adroit. "Eddie can read a balance sheet like a poem, and tell you where it doesn't scan,' an associate remarked admiringly at the time.

But in 1966, on his sixty-fifth birthday, Taylor severed most of his boardroom connections, beginning his long-planned withdrawal to Nassau where he'd maintained a vacation home since 1945. He has since given up Canadian citizenship, spent only 53 days in Canada last year, and although he remains chairman of the executive committee of Massey-Ferguson, a director of the Royal Bank and of Argus Corporation (the conglomerate in which his clout was concentrated) he now invests most of his time in the $100-million Lyford Cay housing development. During one of his recent visits here, ensconced behind a Sheraton desk and directly beneath a Bartlett print in the mid-19th-century splendor of the Argus head office in downtown Toronto ("Only being a director means I don't rate an office, but they give me one anyway"), Taylor talked to me about the Canada he knew, and why he wouldn't want to do what he did over again. As our conversation began, the phone rang. When he answered I caught a glimpse of the Taylor who, at age 27, vowed he would earn at least $1,000 for every year of his life and more than kept his promise.

"Hello, Roy," Taylor was saying. "Sure, I have to be there, I'm the only one who can sign it. I'll be there on Monday. I'll go down in my own aircraft. The crack of

dawn. There's no problem with the auditors. I settled that long ago. Just keep your mind at rest and we'll have everything shipshape, and then we'll sign the documents in escrow for delivery on the first. Right. 'Bye.'"

Roy having been taken care of, Taylor began to talk. This is a sampling of his thoughts:

A GREAT MANY YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY ARE IDEALISTS. IT MUST BE THAT IDEALISM WHICH MAKES THEM NOT WANT TO WORK. THERE IS A HIGH PERCENTAGE OF THEM WHO FEEL THEY ARE BEING BADLY GOVERNED, BADLY TREATED, THAT THE STATE OWES THEM A LIVING. I THINK THE PROBLEM IS THE OVEREXPANSION OF THE HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES IN THE UNIVERSITIES. THAT IS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE UNREST. EVERY MAN WANTS TO SEE HIS SON BETTER EDUCATED THAN HE WAS HIMSELF. SO NOW THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY YOUNG PEOPLE STUDYING TOO LONG AND NOT WORKING SOON ENOUGH. SOME HAVE TO DO THE MORE MENIAL THINGS IN THE WORLD.

Doing business these days is complicated. You have to spend so much time with lawyers, accountants and government departments before you make a move. I am glad that I'm as old as I am. I don't think if I was a man of 40 with my temperament that I could take it. I wouldn't do what I did again, not under the present circumstances. I am sure I wouldn't. I would do it somewhere else. I wouldn't do it in Canada. It wouldn't be the tax side of it so much as just the, oh, the paper work. You can't do things simply anymore.

What advice would I give a young man starting out? *Hard work.* You learn more by working hard, no matter what your job is, than in any other way. When I went to university my family couldn't afford the fees. They gave me some help but I had to work every summer. During the first war, I was a toolmaker's apprentice at 25 cents an hour and other years I did different jobs. I was an inspector in the city of Montreal, in a quarry turning out curbstones to make a few hundred dollars. I just had to. So many of these kids today just don't take summer jobs. They don't have to because either their parents or the taxpayers pay for their education.

MANY CANADIAN MANAGEMENTS HAVE BEEN GIVING IN TO EXORBITANT UNION DEMANDS. WHEN INFLATION IS REDUCING THE PERSON'S VALUE FOR THEIR MONEY BY 5% OR 6% A YEAR, IT WOULD BE UNFAIR TO OFFER THEM 2% OR 3% MORE IF THEY ARE DOING A GOOD JOB. BUT TO OFFER THEM 10% OR 15% MORE IS JUST COMPOUNDING INFLATION, IN MY OPINION.

I think nothing should be nationalized unless the government can run it better. I recognize there are some cases where essential services can't be maintained by private enterprise — running streetcars, for example. But I would resist any nationalization unless it was absolutely in the public interest and unavoidable.

I have always been a free trader and I believe in free trade between Canada and the United States. I know the arguments against it. I know it would disrupt some businesses. But if it weren't for the racial problem in the U.S. and the political problems they have, I would think that the two countries could come together. It would hurt a lot of people. It would hurt me, too. But I'm against this trend of trying to reduce American ownership in Canadian companies. I think nature has to take its course. Mind you, as a good citizen, I think it's ridiculous if an American company prohibits its Canadian subsidiary from trading with China or Cuba. I think they should just be told to leave. They should obey the laws of the country.

GOVERNMENTS HAVE BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH MONEY. THEY HAVE SPENT TOO MUCH ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT EVERYBODY OF A CERTAIN AGE WITH A CERTAIN DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE IS ENTITLED TO A FREE HIGHER EDUCATION, AND THAT HAS BEEN ONE OF THE CONTRIBUTING CAUSES TO INFLATION.

THE UNIONS ARE A BIG PROBLEM. FOR YEARS IF WE'VE HAD A STRIKE IN ANY INDUSTRY HERE, THE MAN WHO FINALLY HAS THE SAY COMES FROM WASHINGTON OR DETROIT OR SOMEWHERE ELSE. TIME AFTER TIME THE RANK AND FILE OF THE WORKERS WHO REALIZE THE LOCAL PROBLEMS WANT TO SETTLE, BUT THIS MAN OVERRULES THEM.

You can organize for any size in any business. I don't think mere size is so important but I think you should stick to related things. I have always believed in big companies. Of course, great oaks always come from little acorns, but big companies have a tremendous advantage over small companies because they can afford to employ the talent, the brains. Many Canadian companies are at a great disadvantage with American companies on the research side, which is so very important, unless they are a subsidiary of an American company, and when they get the benefit of it.

The worst thing about running a big business is being in the public eye. There are so many people you have to see. Most of them are well meaning, well intentioned, but some of them may be crazy, they may have crazy ideas, they may be inventors. They may want a loan. But out of politeness, because you are selling a certain product, you have to see them. Sometimes friends call up and they are really just passing this person on to you. That really takes up an awful lot of time and they always want to see the top guy, too. You can't shove them off as easily as you'd like to.

THE QUEBEC SITUATION CONFUSES ME. THEY ARE SO PROUD OF THEIR LATIN BACKGROUND AND THEY WANT TO RETAIN IT, AND YET, EXCEPT FOR THE LATE CHARLES DE GAULLE, EVERY FRENCH BUSINESSMAN I MEET CONSIDERS THEM STUPID TO BE SO NATIONALISTIC, SO RACIALISTIC. IT'S CERTAINLY NOT IN THEIR OWN INTEREST. I DON'T THINK QUEBEC WOULD SURVIVE IF IT SEPARATED FROM CANADA. THEY WOULD SUFFER TREMENDOUSLY ECONOMICALLY. I KNOW QUEBEC PRETTY WELL. I WENT TO McGILL FOR FOUR YEARS AND I LIVED ACROSS THE RIVER FROM HULL IN OTTAWA WHEN I WAS A BOY. I DON'T SPEAK VERY GOOD FRENCH, I READ IT FAIRLY WELL. I DON'T FIND THIS EXTREME NATIONALISM AMONG MY FRENCH-CANADIAN FRIENDS, THE ONES WHO KNOW MY CONTEMPORARIES AND EVEN YOUNGER PEOPLE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW THESE PEOPLE WHO FEEL THIS WAY.

My time is now pretty well divided by the things I'm trying to do. When I retired I gave up all of my executive appointments, except in Argus Corporation and in the Ontario Jockey Club. I also represent, as a director, the Royal Bank in the Bahamas. I don't ever go to their board meetings in Toronto. I haven't in 10 years I guess. I am the chairman of what is known as the Nassau committee for the Bahamas and we have to keep a watch on Jamaica and other countries. I'm still a director of Massey Ferguson and, of course, I am chairman of the Jockey Club for another year. But I don't buy anything and I don't sell anything — not very often anyway. ■

Mrs. Hamilton's 16-year-old Maytag keeps working like it was born yesterday.



Standing: Gayle 17, Mr. Hamilton, Bob 16. Seated: Brent 4, Mrs. Hamilton, Jeff 10, Janice 14.

In all those years, $33 is all the Hamiltons have spent for repairs.

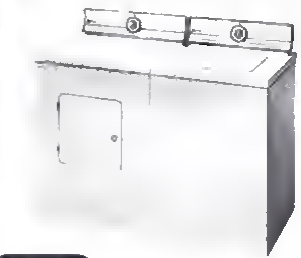
Robert and Patricia Hamilton of Lethbridge, Alberta, got their Maytag Washer in 1955, the year their oldest son, Bob, was born.

With a growing young family to look after you can imagine how hard that washer has worked right along. Yet it went almost fifteen years before needing its first repair, which Mr. Hamilton did himself at a total cost of $33.00 for parts. Nowadays it takes 12 to 15 loads a week to keep the family in clean things, but that old Maytag takes it all in stride.

In 1961, Mrs. Hamilton also got a Maytag Dryer, and it proved to be just as dependable. It's going on ten now, but one repair is all it's ever needed. "Please accept our appreciation for providing us with hundreds of hours of trouble-free cleaning," write the Hamiltons.

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MISTER CLEAN IS A CANADIAN

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

His name is Maurice Strong and he needs no added ingredients

In the big bright conference chamber the delegates of 27 countries ceased chatting and Chief Adebo of Nigeria, impressive in pale-blue robes, urbanely introduced the round-faced man with the little black moustache. "He has come here from Canada to deal with this problem, bringing fresh air to this assembly [illegible]." It was Monday morning as usual in the forum of the world but the sense of unreality seemed heightened. The problem was pollution and outside smoke was billowing from the chimneys of the power plant next door. This committee represented the entire United Nations, split by doctrine, color, creed, old hate and new nationalism. And yet here was the speaker, Maurice Strong, Secretary General of the UN Conference on the Human Environment next June at Stockholm, stating with cheerful confidence that he thought he could bring them together in a worldwide cooperative effort to save the planet.

"Do you realize how much rides on this guy?" the American beside me whispered.

I nodded. In 1960 I had studied pollution for *Maclean's* and since then had watched it growing steadily worse. Our water and air are so contaminated now by chemicals and waste that biologists warn of genetic damage to man. River systems are dying from lack of oxygen; fish in mid-ocean are unfit to eat, a thousand species of animals are endangered. We have cut two thirds of the world's forest, laid waste 1.3 billion fertile acres. And as we destroy the ecological systems that maintain life we are raising the carbon dioxide in the air at such a rate — some 25% by the year 2000 — that scientists are predicting catastrophic changes in climate. Some say the planet is already doomed, others say it is not too late if the nations can agree to stop polluting, and the only hope in sight is Stockholm and Strong.

He seemed an unlikely world savior, unimpressive in speech or appearance. As a journalist had written, "You wouldn't pick him out of a crowd of two." He was talking with boyish eagerness, exuding optimism. Considering the magnitude of his job it suggested naïveté. He kept talking about this "process" he was devising for the conference. At 42 he had something still of Oak Lake, Manitoba, something of the small town and the west.

Yet he held, beyond question, the world's most crucial job. He had to get all the facts in and summarized for the politicians and set up the conference so that action would result. If he tried for too much he'd get nothing, but too little was worse, a false hope. He had to get agreement on the most dangerous pollutants, a treaty on limits or quotas on amounts dumped in soil, air or water, a global network to check them, a world standard of measurement, and an environmental world court to issue injunctions and set damages.

But unless the majority supported him he was beaten before he started. Sweden had asked for the conference in spring 1968 because the new high British smokestacks so effectively cleaning up London were dispatching the fumes to Sweden, threatening her forests. It was futile, in fact it was folly in view of the cost it added to goods, for any one country to stop polluting unless the others did, and the first fact of life that Strong had faced was that most *wanted* some pollution.

This was the reason that Strong was up there on the dais. The UN Secretary-General had asked for him in February 1970. Strong had just finished streamlining CIDA, the Canadian International Development Agency, and was ready to move on.

He talked it over with Pierre Trudeau at lunch and the Prime Minister had said, "U Thant's got the whole world to choose from and we've got a shortage of good people." Strong was disappointed but reconciled, he knew that Trudeau was counting on him to set up the Canada Development Corporation. But when Trudeau told U Thant he couldn't release Strong, U Thant said he would keep the job open.

In July Strong came home one night late as usual and asked his wife, Pauline, "Any calls?"

"Just two," she said. "The PM and U Thant."

U Thant was pressing Trudeau now as was Sweden's Prime Min- / *continued on page 52*

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STRONG from page 50

ister The CDC was stalled until fall and might be stalled even longer Strong called on Trudeau "Look" he said, "I won't give you all the reasons I could for going to the UN I just feel I should, I want to, and I want you to release me" In previous talks with U Thant, Trudeau had stressed the importance of the environment and had said that the UN hadn't anough good Canadians Impaled on both points he gave Strong a leave of absence

Strong went to New York in October, 1970, to find little done and little concern As his righthand man he picked a bright UN staffer, a Swiss, Marc Nerfin, but after three days Nerfin said he was quitting "We've no budget No authority It just can't be done in this system"

"Well, if I can get something done will you go along with me?"

Nerfin agreed, he knew why U Thant had waited so long for Strong The UN had swelled from 50-odd countries in 1945 to 127, some 50 of them new states, former Asian and African colonies where the average income per person is less than $500 a year Their votes had turned the cosy club of rich western powers into a non-white pressure group for equality The UN secretariat was now a huge aid-dispensing machine that took 95% of the three-billion-dollar budget of the UN and World Bank What did the poor countries care if a processing plant spewed out some effluents? Ten thousand people were dying daily of malnutrition from lack of such plants They didn't want development money diverted to pollution control, they preferred pollution, "the rich man's disease," to poverty They suspected the west of wanting to keep their lands in a state of nature nice places to safari in, a source of cheap raw materials

But Strong had been head of CIDA for four years He was credited in the UN with doubling Canadian aid, sending CIDA experts overseas, putting CIDA advisers in trade missions enlisting the help of businessmen, pushing research in farming and food He was known in developing countries, I was told by Jim Grant, president of the U.S. Overseas Development Council, as a fighter for "no-strings aid" — loans that do not have to be spent in the giver's country — and as a fighter against "Band-Aid charity" — giving goods instead of helping new countries make their own. He was one of the few men the delegates would listen to

"All right," Strong told them in private sessions, "you can write off the conference and me too — but it won't be good for you or the UN A lot of people in the rich countries are disenchanted with the UN They're saying 'Let's clean up the mess ourselves, outside the UN' The UN hasn't done much as a peacemaker because neither you nor the middle powers are really interested in cold-war issues And development doesn't really concern the east bloc If the rich countries do this themselves we'll be missing the best chance yet to show that the UN can be effective Stockholm can be the end or the salvation of the UN"

Strong was lobbying for a mandate, the power to decide and act never before conferred by a UN committee He was sure that unless he got it the conference would fail But he had to convince the committee as a whole on November 9, a meeting much like the one I was watching now

Strong ended his speech, he would be trapped on the platform another hour I went up to his office two rooms on the 29th floor, nothing sumptuous At his headquarters in Geneva in the old League of Nations building he has a staff of 15 but here, only two busy busy secretaries and Adolfo Korn, an Argentinian who helped him prepare for November 9

"He came down the weekend before," Korn said. "We were all pretty discouraged. But he got us working day and night and he finished his speech at midnight before the meeting

"He didn't exactly bang the table but he talked very frankly He said, in effect, 'I'm a development man, I won't sell out development. I'm aware that some of you think this a rich man's problem But the wrong kind of development can lead to soil erosion and contaminated water. It's all one problem, everybody's problem' He told them precisely what had to be done and convinced them he could do it

Many delegates had come with instructions from their capitals to undo or delay the conference But the Africans spoke up — he was a well-known friend of Africa The Russians spoke for him — he arranged the first Russian-Canadian student exchange The word went out that here was a man who was going to get things done and we came away with enthusiasm and a mandate."

Back in the conference chamber a Ghanaian was saying, "If we're going to Stockholm something has got to come out of it" Whatever the reservations of the undeveloped countries, Strong had blocked a boycott and sold them participation And now he was off to Washington to do a little lobbying, for the biggest changes in attitude had to come from the biggest polluters, the great industrial consumer-states dedicated to money and power.

continued on page 57

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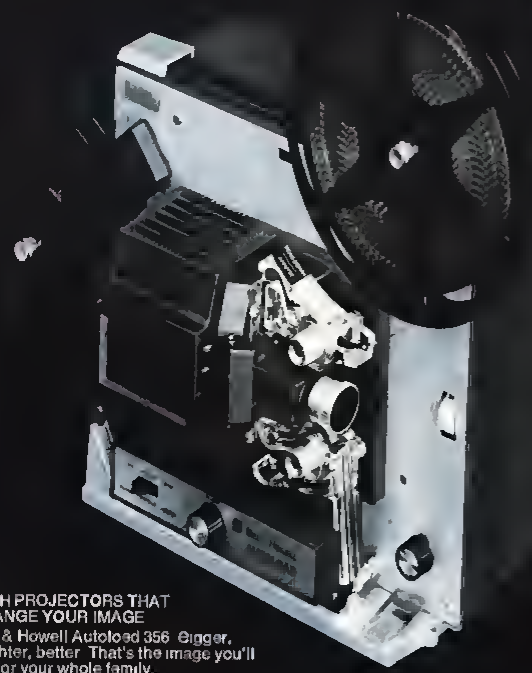


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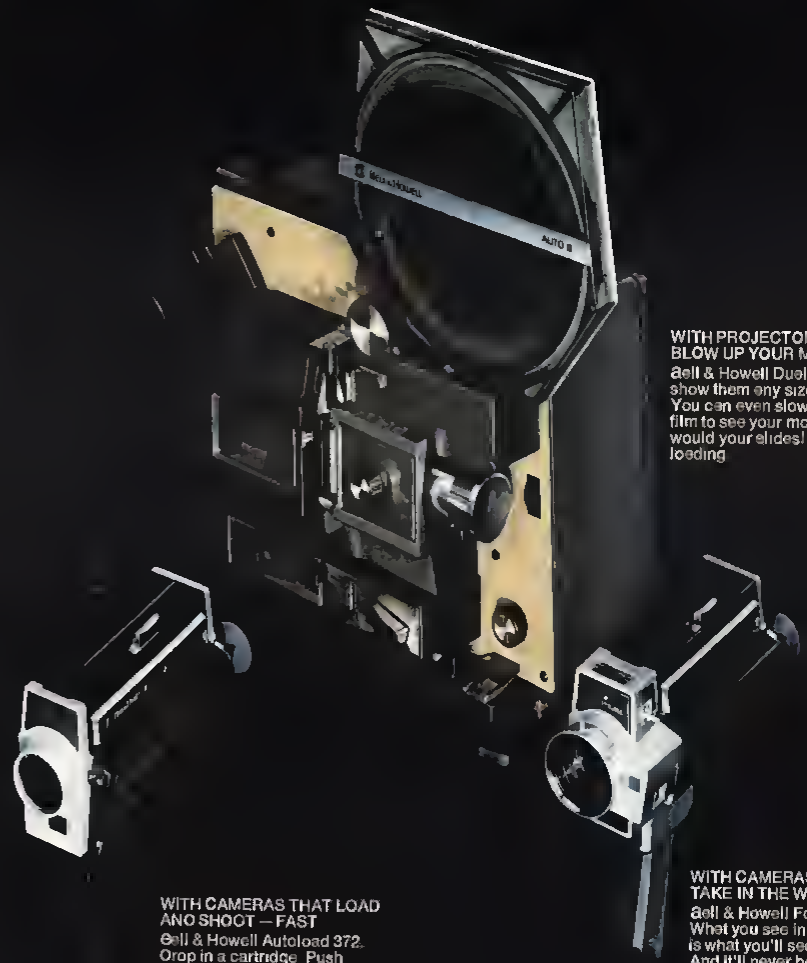




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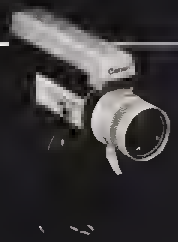
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STRONG continued

Would they give up some power to a central world agency? Foot the bill for pollution control? Curb industry? Ask consumers to give up some products?

Strong, as I flew along with him to assess his chances, was sanguine. "You know, I briefed Senator Muskie before his last trip to Russia and he raised the issue with Kosygin and Brezhnev. Trudeau raised it with Mrs. Gandhi. There's a lot of concern at the top."

I studied him surreptitiously. In profile his features seemed sharper, harder. At the end of a grueling nonstop day he was still eager, cheerful, buoyant. But his optimism was suspect. He had to get a bandwagon rolling. Like any salesman he had to believe in his product.

"I'm used to being a winner," he said, as if divining my doubt. And indeed, as he told me his story it seemed like a crib from Horatio Alger. A Manitoba family so poor they ate pigweeds for greens when his father was bumped from his railroad job. A kid so bright he was through grade 12 at 13. Then running off from home to enlist. Stowing away on a lake boat. Riding the rods to the West Coast where he doctored his birth certificate to ship out as a deckhand on a troopship. At his father's insistence coming home to get his matric at 15.

En route to university he answered a Hudson's Bay ad that took him to Chesterfield Inlet for two years of fur trading, reading and rock-hounding. Up came a group of prospectors, spinning their yarns of wealth, and he joined them in Toronto, learned accounting and stock promotion, and at 17 was treasurer of a small exploration company.

An influential friend got him a job at the UN but he soon saw that he needed education. He took an RCAF pilot's course, lack of depth perception washed him out. The western oil boom was at its height. He joined James Richardson & Sons in Winnipeg, toured the fields, built a telephone network, kept a card on every well and "made a point of knowing more and working harder than anyone else" to become "*the* analyst in oils." Jack Gallagher of Imperial Oil was launching Dome Explorations, he needed a financial adviser. At 23, two years married, Strong had a brand-new house in Calgary, a $50,000 salary and $50,000 in investments.

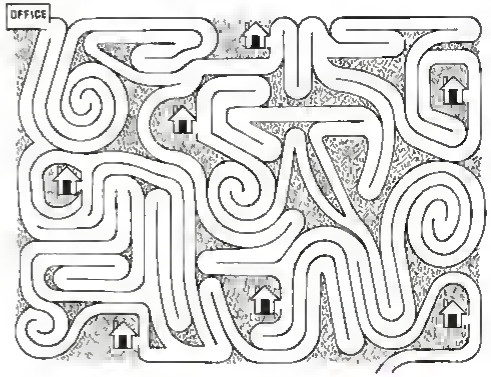
"I had it made," he said as our plane came down at Washington, "so I walked in the house one day and said, 'Pauline, we're leaving,' and I blew it all on a trip around the world." Remembering, Strong grinned.

He hurried off to address a high-

continued on page 59

On his way home from the office, Nelson decided to stop at the homes of seven friends.

To make things even more interesting for himself, he marked the location of his friends' houses on a map and walked to each without going down the same roads twice. See if you can discover the path he followed. And always make sure you have plenty of Black & White on hand at your house in case friends drop in on you.



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STRONG continued

level gathering of politicians, international scientists and scholars. The name of his game was involvement: inform and build concern in the hope that it would lead to political pressure. A sound enough tactic no doubt — except that lead-free gas had flopped.

In the morning I joined a packed audience in the old Supreme Court chamber for a joint Senate - House hearing on the environment. Strong, who seemed well known, led off 10 eminent speakers. He was by no means an orator but his earnestness was self-evident, his good humor infectious, his diffidence disarming. Stockholm, he said, was "a launching pad for a quest for global knowledge." He had written each government for a report, as well as 20-some UN agencies and several hundred international organizations. He'd asked more than 100 of the leading thinkers and scientists in the world to write "a report on the state of the environment." He and a group of experts from the UN and the Smithsonian Institution would go over the papers in Geneva, "identify the worst dangers and how to deal with them," and boil them down into six position papers and six action plans. Action — that was his keynote. He wasn't just preparing for a meeting, he was creating "a continuous process for world legislation." But the politicians would have to come with "the will to act."

As the speakers told of work and plans under way in the U.S. and Britain, in Sweden, Latin America and UNESCO, Senator Magnuson, a joint chairman, would keep leaving, he said, to vote, and each time he came back he would introduce "another distinguished colleague ..." Senator Fulbright ... Senator Humphrey ... Senator Edward Kennedy, magnetic as a movie star but lacking personal authority. The significance finally struck me. Much of the audience was young. Youth had played a major role in changing racial and pro-war attitudes. Now environment was their catchword and the politicians had heard. There was hope in the fact that environment was a hot issue.

I could see why Strong was planning a worldwide conference of youth at Hamilton, addressing organizations, inviting leaders to Stockholm. He was involving everyone who could help with pressure or influence. He had started at breakfast with Senator Baker at 7:45 and after lunch with some senators he would go on to a series of meetings with key people in the government and the World Bank.

In the months ahead he would run through this routine in scores of capitals. He would talk to heads of state in Africa, Latin American ministers in Panama, Asian experts in Bangkok, scientists in Canberra. And watching him lobbying now as the hearing broke for lunch you could glimpse that singleminded purpose so essential to success.

But it would take more than dedication to keep the Stockholm conference from becoming another international talkfest, another hoax. A real attack on the problem hinged on how Strong set it up, in other words, on Strong himself, his experience and his foresight, his toughness and his staying power, above all, his political realism.

We were back at the UN next day for an 8 a.m. staff meeting, Strong in shirt-sleeves listening quietly, then ticking off chores from scribbled notes: people to hire, meetings to set up with Henry Ford and John Rockefeller to try to raise money for experts to travel, for regional meetings of poor countries. He obviously generated excitement and his public relations counsel, Whitman Bassow, had a too-

continued on page 60



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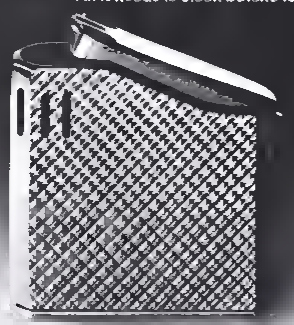
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STRONG continued

simple explanation. "Vitality. One of our people, Peter Stone, called him one morning at six. Maurice seemed out of breath when he answered the phone, he kept puffing, puffing, all during the conversation. Finally Peter said, 'Maurice, is anything wrong?' 'No, it's okay, Peter,' he said. 'I'm jogging.'"

As I followed Strong out of his office to catch a plane to London, where the University of Western Ontario was giving him his eighth honorary degree, a secretary looked up and said to me, "Our hero." And sure enough, he did remind one a little of Roger Ramjet, that professional do-gooding hero of the cartoons. As someone had said, the man was too good to be true.

"All my life was a preparation for this," Strong said on the plane to London. "Camping with Eskimos in the Arctic. Setting up service stations in Africa. Seeing the good the YMCA and the churches were doing around the world. I came back to Canada in 1954 with $700 and tried for a job with the church missions, the big foundations, the External Aid Office. But I had no degree and they didn't want me. It was a shock."

He went back to Dome as executive vice-president, but on condition, he said, that he had time off for the Y and to help start the Overseas Institute of Canada. He quit in 1959 because, once again, "I had it made. It was too easy."

He started M. F. Strong Limited, a consulting company. One customer, Ajax Petroleums, had more liabilities than assets. He took it over and made "a lot of money," he said, building it in three years into Canadian Industrial Gas and Oil Limited, one of the biggest Canadian independents. In the same time he rose to the presidency of the YMCA in Canada, succeeding Harold Rea of Canadian Oil Companies. One night talking to Rea after dinner in Calgary's Palliser Hotel, Strong outlined a plan to take over Power Corporation.

"I know," Rea said, "that it doesn't look like it, but Peter Thomson has the stock all tied up. But I'm on a three-man committee looking for a new president."

"No thanks. A big company's a step back."

"Yes, but you're interested in public service. Power Corp will give you a national stage."

In Montreal the board grilled Strong, then offered him the job. He said he had first to talk to Thomson, whom he liked but could see was hurt because the board didn't want him as president. Strong went back into the boardroom. "I have obligations," he

continued on page 62



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told them, "and unless you let me meet them I'm not your man. I want to keep the presidency of CIGO for two more years. I want to spend half my time with the YMCA. And I want you to know I won't stay more than five years. I want to be executive vice-president, which will let you make Peter president, but I want it in my contract that I'll be president in two years and I want the same authority as the president. I want bigger stock options, but at higher than market price — I don't want to make money till the shareholders do."

Strong switched Power from investments into the operating of growth companies. A Power vice-president, Claude Frenette, had told me in Montreal that "he foresaw trends. He was one of the first to invest in Australia. He recognized the potential in satellites. He'd start something, give it vision, then say, 'Okay, that's your job, Claude.' If things didn't get done he'd take you to lunch, put the problem in perspective and make it seem smaller. That's why we called him the resident philosopher. After lunch with Maurice I've seen people come in next morning at six. Faults? Yes, he must have them, but they're well hidden." By 1966, when Pearson called Strong to CIDA, Power's shares had risen from $42 to the equivalent of $110 and in leaving, Strong said, terminating our talk to run over his convocation speech, he dropped a $200,000 salary and $250,000 in unexpired options.

Up there on the stage of the university auditorium in London, talking in somewhat fuzzy terms on the failure of success, Strong looked self-conscious for the first time, perhaps something to do with his lack of a degree. It was the first real flaw I had noted all week but it was serious. Up to now he'd been selling the conference to the informed. But to sell the public he would have to put things plainly. If he tried to prove himself an intellectual he'd fail.

Afterward, nursing his one sherry at the president's cocktail party, he showed that he could talk clearly if he wanted to. "I don't think business realizes the implications of Stockholm yet. There are 3,000 chemical compounds created in North America every year and we don't know what harm they do or where they go. ... Life-sustaining organisms are dying in the sea. We're going to have to presume products guilty till proven innocent, not the opposite. Big shipping interests will have to be policed."

It was like circling a mountain, each new vista revealed new enormities. He was asking us to give up material success as our main goal, the GNP as the yardstick of progress and money as our main value. He had done it himself, at least in part; he had realized success was not enough. Perhaps that was why he thought that change was possible.

> A Power Corp. vice-president says that after lunch with Strong people would be working next morning at six

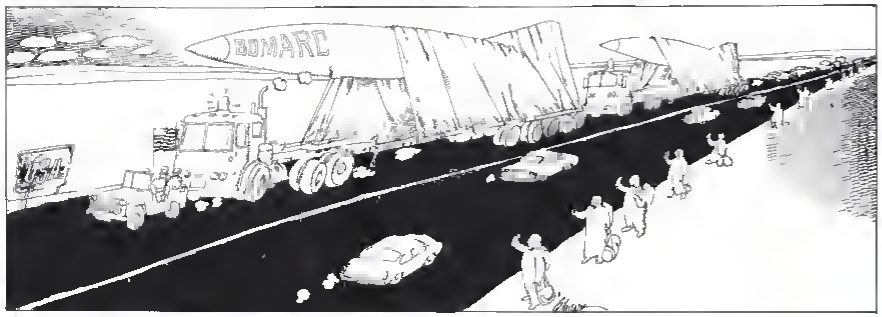
I left him in Toronto checking on real-estate investments, and at week's end I called at his tree-shaded home on Ottawa's highest hill. His five children, including a Hungarian foster daughter, were out or away, and his wife, Pauline, was packing for Geneva. They had met at a gathering of student teachers in Winnipeg, she said. Maurice picked me out of the crowd and at the end of the night he came up to me and said, 'I'm going to marry you!' and of course I said, 'Oh yeah?'"

Strong hung up on a New York call and took me up to his study where Pauline had exhumed the debris of his past for packing: his seaman's card, his Arctic pictures, his UN pass. It was real, that storybook background; perhaps everything was real; that unassuming self-confidence, that Roger Ramjet idealism that made you wonder how much of it was faked.

"I thought for a while we couldn't make it," he said, "but the papers are coming in. We'll have time to involve every country in the process. Usually stacks of papers come in too late to be digested. There's a lot of speeches, some generalizations, and nothing happens. This won't be like that. We've got five intergovernmental groups working on soils, conservation, etc., and we'll draft the action proposals so each government can go over them in advance. I don't want us bogged down in deadlocks. I want to, in effect, select delegates."

This, it appeared, was the heart of his "process," the womb of his optimism. He had chosen a dozen people from three to five governments for each group. "People who know the subject and who represent all viewpoints. On marine pollution, say, we'll have a British expert who influences his own government and knows how the others think. 'That's okay for the Swedes,' he might say, 'but the Japanese won't go for it.' Then maybe we'll have an Indian. India's problems are representative. By the time Stockholm rolls around they'll be the most knowledgeable and involved, and their governments will probably want them to sit in. Some members said they might refuse to do it this way. I said, 'Fine. Stockholm will be the biggest assembly of ministers ever held. Everybody's contribution will be evident — and the lack of a contribution.'"

The sense of unreality that had lingered all week lifted. There were still a lot of uncertainties, of course. The developing countries could do an about-face and make Stockholm a confrontation. Our attitudes might be too entrenched to change. But my confidence in Strong had suddenly grown. In politics Machiavelli did better than Christ. ■



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PRAIRIE CHICKENS from page 38

Little attention was paid to the warning from the bench. The women paid their fines, disposed of their houses, and moved to better locations closer to their customers. One madam, Doris Vennette, moved several times before landing permanently on Annabella Street, where she remained for the next 20 years. Minnie Wood, who enjoyed a 30-year reign as queen of the brothels, moved from Thomas Street to James Avenue, where she lived until the Annabella-McFarlane district was opened in 1909.

The earliest documented case of prostitution farther west in Edmonton was that of "Big Nellie" Webb, and it can be taken as an example of both the fundamental connection between booze and illicit sex and the casual, even cavalier, attitude habitually taken by the police toward prostitution. It can also serve as evidence that pioneer prairie prostitutes had few rights that anyone else was bound to respect. The Nellie Webb case begins with a one-line item in the *Annual Report* of the North West Mounted Police for 1888. On October 31 of that year Nellie was convicted and fined $15 for keeping a house of ill repute in Edmonton. Behind that apparently simple fact was this story:

On October 24, three Mounted Police constables named Thomas, Carney and Cudlip left their Fort Saskatchewan headquarters for Calgary by way of Edmonton. At Edmonton they decided to delay their departure to get thoroughly drunk. When they reached that stage they decided "to paint the town red" and went prowling around in search of a brothel. In their search they blundered into three private homes and were run off by angry householders. Eventually they got headed in the direction of Nellie Webb's house of ill repute. Nellie saw them coming; being a woman of the world, she knew that roistering drunks spelled trouble and that, of all the customers she could do without, three drunken Mounties headed the list. She locked her doors and hoped they would go away. When she failed to respond to their pounding, they proceeded to break the door in. While this was happening, Nellie got out her gun and fired a shot through the broken door. Her bullet lodged in Carney's leg and the attack was halted, but only temporarily. The Mounties sobered up enough to arrest Nellie, charge her with wounding with intent, and lug her off to jail. While Nellie was awaiting bail the NWMP stationed two other Mounties in her house to protect her property against thieves. They go so drunk on Nellie's booze that they passed out and permitted a stranger to steal both their guns. The Mounted Police then held an official inquiry, following which one constable was fired and another was suspended for a month. Nellie, meanwhile, pleaded guilty to keeping a house of ill repute, paid her fine and was released on $2,000 bail to await trial.

The affair excited the attention of Frank Oliver, editor of the Edmonton *Bulletin*, who let fly at the Mounted Police with both barrels. "This," he thundered, "is one of the most disgraceful affairs that has ever occurred in Edmonton, through a set of men who are supposed to protect the citizens and their property. The men are not so much to blame for the contempt in which the force is held as those who have charge of it!"

There is one baffling aspect of the Nellie Webb story. Why did the three Mounties from Fort Saskatchewan have to go blundering into three respectable houses before they were given directions to Nellie's place? Everybody in the settlement must have known where Nellie lived. Edmonton was not a community in which the police should have had much trouble keeping a casually benign eye on the houses of ill repute. The Mounted Police knew where they were, as they knew in Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Medicine Hat and Regina.

> When drunken Mounties came pounding on her brothel door, Nellie got out her gun to shoot

In Edmonton, as elsewhere, the Mounties let the girls alone as long as the houses were operated with reasonable decorum. Once or twice a year they would raid the houses and haul the inmates before the Mounted Police inspector, who would fine them nominally and send them back to work. The standard fee extracted was $10 to $15 and costs for the madams and five dollars or $10 and costs for the inmates. Periodically, when something more than prostitution was involved, such as theft or bootlegging, the tariff might go to $20 and costs for the keepers and $15 and costs for inmates. Ten years after the Nellie Webb case these rates were still in force in Alberta. It can be assumed from the $15 fine that the police regarded Nellie's case as one of moderate seriousness, far less important, for example, than keeping liquor for sale illegally, which cost $50 or $100, but more so than keeping a filthy pigpen, which carried only a five-dollar penalty. In any event, nobody ever bothered Nellie again, which put her a couple of notches above her Lethbridge and Fort Macleod sisters whose names appeared regularly on the Mounted Police dockets. It seems clear that the police and the madams mutually accepted a system of fines in lieu of license fees.

Chief A. C. Lancey, who took over in Edmonton early in 1909, had flitted from one police job to another during the previous decade. He had served in the NWMP, then had worked as a railway detective, and had also worked in Montreal. Like all new brooms, he swept a clean path through Edmonton. He beefed up the police department, cleaned out the incompetents, put the men on 12-hour shifts, and continued the system of patrolling the Old Town bars from the inside. With a doubled force in his first year of operation Chief Lancey was able to report the arrest of 479 drunks, 39 gamblers, 26 prostitutes, and 60 various and sundry assaulters. Yet prostitution continued.

Any estimate of the number of brothels which existed in 1911 to service the 8,500 unwed Edmontonians has to be mainly conjecture. But from evidence which came out later it could hardly have been less than 50 and could easily have exceeded 100. That Lancey ran the kind of town Edmonton wanted him to run can hardly be doubted. But after two years on the job he decided to switch to a better post as a provincial liquor inspector. He resigned in March, 1911, and R. W. Ensor was brought in from Regina. Ensor's first action was to impose a blackout on all police news as he began to tighten up on law enforcement. He lasted six months and then the city invited Lancey back at a good raise in pay. It was a short honeymoon. The first trouble started when the ratepayers on Kinistino Avenue held an indignation meeting a month after Lancey returned. They petitioned City Hall to close down the Kinistino Street dance halls which, they said, turned into riots three or four times a week. The union of Edmonton and Strathcona was going through and this entailed the expansion of the police force from 44 to 81. Gambling was getting out of hand and, while raids on gambling dives increased, convictions became more difficult to obtain. Then G. S. Armstrong was elected first mayor of the newly combined city, and a system of government by commissioners was adopted for the civic departments. Theoretically this took the police department out of politics, but that did not stop the aldermen from keeping their hands in

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PRAIRIE CHICKENS continued

Early in July, 1912, Detective Ernest Seymour became involved in a police station altercation with a local citizen he had arrested for being drunk and disorderly. The citizen was rather seriously roughed up and filed assault charges against Seymour. At its next meeting the city council passed a resolution instructing Chief Lancey to suspend Seymour until after his trial. Lancey refused. The aldermen insisted by passing a second resolution. Again Lancey refused, and when Seymour came to trial he was acquitted. Lancey then resigned because he said, he was tired of the police business and aldermanic interference and wanted to try something else.

With the appointment of Silas H. Carpenter to succeed Lancey the lid went on in Edmonton tighter than it ever had before. Carpenter had been a police inspector in Montreal and he had 15 years' experience behind him when he took the job. He turned out to be a very straight-laced character indeed.

When any police crackdown on prostitution occurs, it usually ends the cooperation of the brothels with the police. The madams and inmates stop pleading guilty and can only be convicted with evidence which will stand up in court. Gathering such evidence becomes the function of undercover men who visit the brothels, pay for the service with marked money, and trigger raids to catch the women with the incriminating currency. Chief Carpenter added 10 of these agents to his detective department, and the photographer who took their group picture neatly summarized the general public's attitude toward all such hired informers with these cut lines: "Here are five city detectives and 10 of the police department pimps whose activities often provoke the scornful comment of the magistrates when they appear in Court."

Chief Carpenter might well have failed in his efforts to clean up Edmonton, but he was giving it his best effort when his world collapsed around his ears. Whether the main muscle in the collapse was supplied by Alderman Joseph A. Clarke or W. J. McNamara will probably never be known, but reasoning after the fact clearly points to Clarke as the architect of the disaster. Bill McNamara was a successful real-estate operator and promoter who was smitten by political fever and was elected mayor. The disenchantment with the Carpenter crackdown had spread through the city until the mumblings of discontent reached City Hall. Most Edmontonians wanted a wide-open town, just as long as the excesses didn't show.

> The houses ran quietly enough until the police tried a crackdown, and then all hell broke loose



Clarke was a graduate in law from Osgoode Hall in Toronto, where he had been a varsity football player. Instead of practising his profession upon graduation, he took off for the Klondike during the gold rush and spent the next 10 years in the Yukon. He turned up in Edmonton in 1908, hung up his shingle, and was soon settled into the role of the Bob Edwards [editor of the Calgary *Eye Opener*] of Edmonton politics. In a long interview in the *Journal*, he described himself as a "radical conservative of socialist leanings," and as the former "stormy petrel of Yukon politics." Whatever else he was, Joe Clarke was no shrinking violet. He immediately ran for the city council and was elected alderman.

On February 1, 1914, Mayor McNamara fired Chief Carpenter and sent the town into a turmoil. Then he fired the head of the morality squad.

On February 2, A. C. Lancey became chief of police for the third time in five years. What happened during the next four months, which ended in the final firing of Lancey, depends on the weight to be attached to the evidence before an inquiry which undoubtedly established a Canadian record for plain and fancy perjury. Lancey's evidence is perhaps as credible as any. His story was that immediately upon his appointment he was invited to a meeting in Mayor McNamara's office in the Tegler Block which was attended by the mayor, Joe Clarke and Aldermen Kinney, May and East. His instructions were to let the whorehouses run as long as there were no complaints but to stage a big raid now and then to create a splash and to let the public know he was on the job. The aldermen denied attending any such meeting or being a party to any such orders. Chief Carpenter, however, said that when he first came to Edmonton Joe Clarke had come forward to explain the sort of place Edmonton was. Conditions there, Clarke had advised him, were far different from those in the east. Edmonton people were more free and easy and they wanted segregated areas of prostitution and open gambling under police control. "I told him that no chief of police had any legal right to permit any such thing," Carpenter said, and that was the end of that.

But with Lancey on the job, the word went out that Edmonton was back in business as a wide-open city and many of the girls who had left after the Carpenter crackdown returned. Several of the former Lancey lieutenants who had been fired by Carpenter were rehired, including Sergeant Seymour, whose blundering be-

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Open 'er up and see what she can do.

Open the front where most compact sedans store an engine.

You'll find our Type 3 stores luggage.

Open the rear where most Volkswagens store an engine.

You'll find our Type 3 stores luggage.

Where's the engine?

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Where's the carburetor?

There isn't any carburetor.

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Since our stick shift is synchromesh, you can go through speeds 1, 2, 3, and 4 as easy as 1, 2, 3.

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Predictor is accurate. It has been tested in laboratories, in homes, and in clinical studies, where it had an accuracy of 98%.

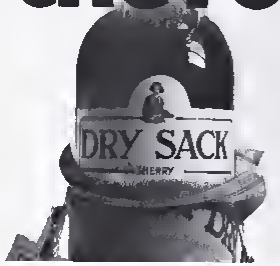
Predictor is dependable. In many cases, it will diagnose pregnancy four days after the first day of a missed period. For greater accuracy, however, it is recommended that you wait ten days.

Next time you're wondering whether or not you're pregnant, get Predictor and be the first to know. Predictor is a registered trademark of Chefaro Labs, Montreal.



"I'll have

Dry Sack on the rocks"



Ideal over ice—The Sherry in the sack—from Spain

PRAIRIE CHICKENS continued

havior eventually cost Lancey his job. As the town opened up, the underworld quickly moved in to take advantage. The one who played the biggest role was William Wheeler, who was described by a friend as "a pimp, a tout, a gambler and a damned nuisance." Wheeler had wandered into Edmonton in 1910 and worked as a bartender for a year. Then he bought the Waverley Rooming House, and ran it as a notorious brothel until 1913. Next he took over the management of the Dominion Club on First Street adjacent to the Lewis Brothers' restaurant. He circulated the word that he was the official go-between for the police with the underworld and started to try to put the squeeze on the prostitutes for protection money.

As spring came, Commissioner Booth, Lancey's superior, discovered that nothing much was being done to clean up the town. Unlike a lot of other people Booth was against a wide-open city policy for Edmonton. The reports from outside sleuths he had hired to spy on the police department were noncommittal, so he went out to investigate conditions on his own. He found streetwalkers on every block. He watched them taking their pickups into brothels. He passed the addresses along to Lancey in the form of instructions to raid. Occasionally, the instructions were carried out. The only complete success Booth scored was in the crusade he launched against lace curtains on brothel windows. He complained to the chief that pedestrians strolling along First Street and Jasper Avenue could watch through the lace curtains as the prostitutes served their customers. The lace curtains were all removed in favor of green blinds which put off the public view of the interior of the brothels.

For his part, Chief Lancey was having trouble getting his orders obeyed. Once he planned a raid on a gambling club and gave Detective Seymour orders to hit it between eleven o'clock and midnight. But Seymour said he had become preoccupied with two Negro streetwalkers from north of the CNR tracks who were soliciting customers under false pretenses. They were powdering their faces with flour, he said, in an effort to hide their color — an outrageous subterfuge! He was determined to catch them in the act, so when he had spotted them he had given chase and didn't get around to the gambling raid until well after midnight, when the gamblers had all left. His next raid on the Dominion Club on First Street was straight out of Mack Sennett and the Keystone Cops. Detectives Seymour and Burbeck with a couple of helpers turned up at the club at 1 a.m. on Sunday morning,

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let you take color movies by the light you live in...with
no strings, cords or movie lights attached.



No more tripping over awkward movie light cords. No more subjects that squint from the glare. Just natural scenes. The new KODAK XL 33 and XL 55 Movie Cameras make it all possible with a little help from the new super-fast KODAK EKTACHROME 160 Movie Film.

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Think of the possibilities.



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PRAIRIE CHICKENS continued

May 17, 1914. The club was jammed to the rafters and all the crap tables, card tables and gambling wheels were operating at capacity. Instead of surrounding the club the police simply broke in the front door. They made such a racket that they alerted the gamblers, who left by the back windows. In short order the crowd of 200 dwindled to 50. The police took the names of the inmates and, having forgotten to bring the patrol wagon, stood around in confusion for some time wondering what to do next. Along came Bill Wheeler, the self-styled fixer, with a friendly suggestion. "Why," he asked, "spend the rest of the night hauling all the equipment down to the station as evidence?" He would be responsible for it and they could send around for it Monday at their convenience. He would even guarantee the keepers would all turn up in court and plead guilty. The detectives accepted the suggestion and went home. Fifteen minutes later the games were all back in full swing and continued without interruption for the rest of the weekend. Naturally the story of the raid got out and the police department became the city's biggest joke. The public was still laughing a week later when Commissioner Booth blew up in anger and fired Chief Lancey. But not before another maladroit exploit by Detective Seymour.

The day before he was dismissed the chief handed Detective Seymour a list of 30 houses which Commissioner Booth had ordered him to close down. Instead of staging the raids, however, Seymour took the list to Bill Wheeler. If the houses were to be closed anyway, Wheeler suggested that they ought to put the bite on the girls for some protection money before it was too late. He got into a taxi and started making the rounds. When he got back to Seymour he explained it had been a wasted effort, that "someone else had been around with the big mitt before I got there and the girls would not come through."

The combination of the abortive gambling raid, the plague of streetwalkers, and the firing of Lancey provoked the biggest public meeting in Edmonton's history.

The meeting passed a resolution demanding that the attorney general launch an immediate inquiry into the Edmonton police department and all its works. This time the city council gave in and joined in the request for an investigation.

During the two weeks of hearings everybody contradicted everybody else. Witnesses disappeared and were never heard of again. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that a protection racket was being set up in Edmonton.

When Judge Scott brought down his report he found that the mayor and his cohorts had in fact determined to turn Edmonton into a wide-open city and had not been justified in the firing of Silas Carpenter, whose reputation alone seemed to emerge unscathed. The following day the Temperance and Moral Reform Society clamored for the resignation of Mayor McNamara. The mayor, however, was off promoting oil. Joe Clarke turned up and fired off a tirade that all but disrupted the meeting. McNamara ignored the demand but at the next meeting of the city council on August 6 he could not ignore Joe Clarke.

"You," shouted Clarke, "are a liar and a perjurer."

"You tried to get control of the police department and I stopped you!" the mayor screamed back.

"That's a lie, a deliberate lie," Clarke replied. "You went onto the stand and swore to what was false and now you are making yourself into a perjurer."

"I said nothing of the sort," McNamara replied.

"You did and you are a deliberate

> "You're a liar, Joe Clarke," said the mayor. "Now mop the floor with me!" So Joe hit him

malicious liar," Clarke shouted back, "and I'll mop the earth with you."

The antagonists ran out of breath, or insults. Order was restored and the aldermen proceeded to complete most of their routine business. As adjournment was moved, McNamara arose and yelled at Clarke.

"You are a liar, Joe Clarke. You are a liar and a thief and a blackmailer! And you are a dirty coward as well! Now mop the floor with me!"

The fight was on and the aldermen and city officials scattered in all directions. The combatants pushed and shoved and wrestled each other for a couple of minutes and then the fists flew in earnest. Since McNamara was getting the worst of it, his chauffeur rushed to his defense. He grabbed Clarke by the throat and held him while McNamara beat a tattoo on Clarke's face. Clarke got free, shook off the chauffeur, and drove McNamara out of the council chamber and into the fire-escape room. Then they fought back into the council chamber, where the aldermen, who by now thoroughly disliked both men, pulled them apart. They moved out of the City Hall onto the street, where the fight broke out more violently than before. After 10 minutes the general public took a hand and broke it up. Clarke was bleeding from one eye, his other eye was black and blue, and he had a cut on his cheek. McNamara had a blackened eye and badly bruised face.

That was the political end for Mayor William J. McNamara. It looked for a while as if Joe Clarke had also been marked for oblivion. George Hill, the new chief selected to succeed Lancey, was a no-nonsense Scot who had been a police inspector in Edinburgh. The dust was not yet settled on the Scott report before Hill arrested Clarke on four charges of aiding and abetting the commission of criminal offenses. The charges were based on a confession obtained from a burglar from Saskatoon, who claimed that Clarke had arranged with the Saskatoon police department to send three Saskatchewan thugs to Edmonton to start a crime wave there in order to discredit the new chief of police.

Clarke was quickly brought to trial but acquitted. His accuser changed his story, claiming to have fabricated it at the instigation of the Edmonton police in order to destroy Joe Clarke. The Saskatoon chief of detectives testified that the charges against Clarke were false.

Joe Clarke ran for mayor for the 1919-20 term and astounded everybody by winning. Some years later he served another couple of terms on the city council and was mayor again for three years in 1935, 1936, and 1937. When he died in 1941 at the age of 71 he was eulogized by the *Journal* as one of the city's greatest sports supporters. No mention was made of his early efforts to turn Edmonton into a wide-open town modeled on the authentic Klondike of his youth.

Meanwhile for the old-time whores along Kinistino Street, history had come almost full circle. But not quite, for in common with the other red-light districts of the West, the onset of prohibition closed the bars and profoundly affected their trade. To stay in business they had to rely more and more on revenue from illegal booze, and the penalties for bootlegging were out of all proportion to profit for the amount of booze a brothel could sell. Besides, as elsewhere, the automobile and a loosening of moral restraints were introducing a heavy injection of unfair competition into their trade. Like a fading actress, Kinistino Street made a valiant attempt to recapture its past lustre. Like the other fading actresses of the prairies she never quite made it. ■

This excerpt is from **Red Lights On The Prairies**, recently published by Macmillan of Canada.



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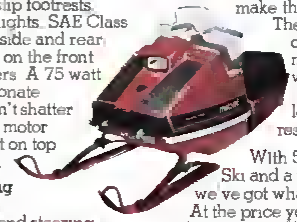
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If one cleat breaks, you replace one cleat. Not the whole track. And it's guaranteed. With a 2 year warranty on single cylinder machines and a 1 year warranty on twin cylinder machines.

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It's called rod end steering, and it's the best there is.

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We use thermo cables, bolted to the control unit so water and snow can't get inside. Plastic bushings between moving metal parts, to cut friction and wear. We put a primer on every machine, so you can inject gasoline directly into the engine for first time, every time starting.

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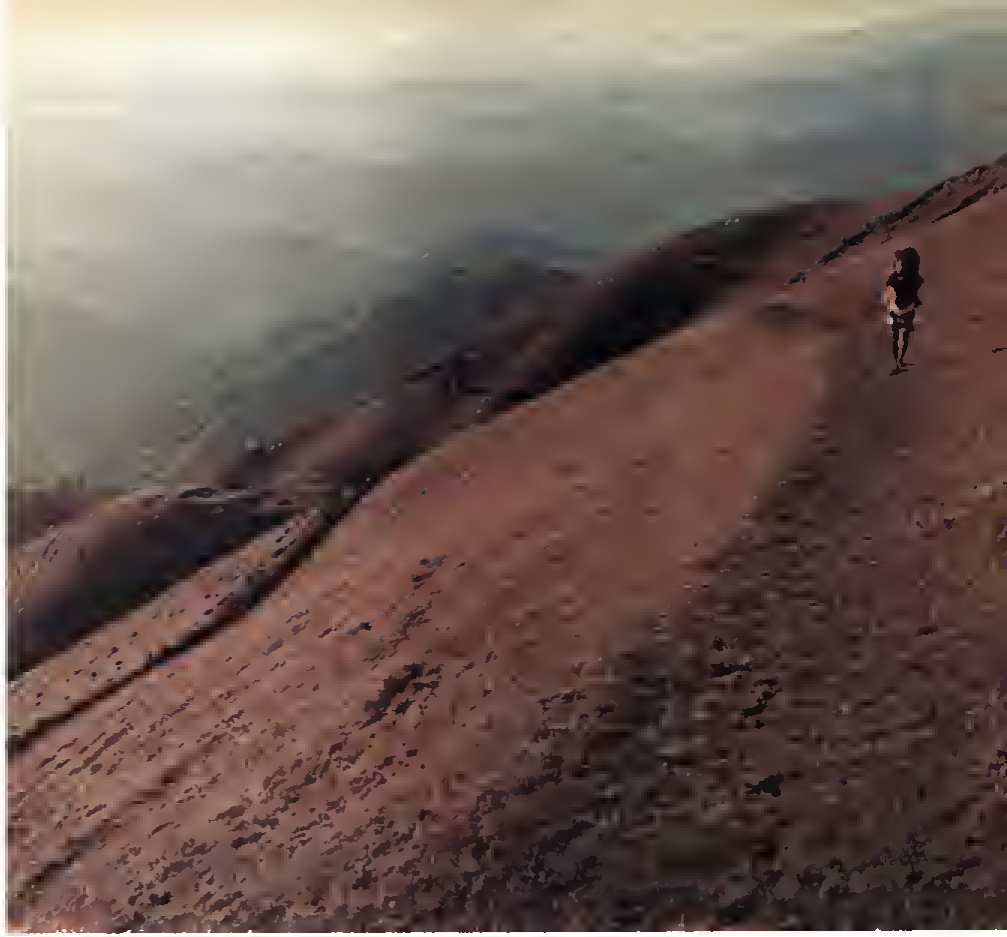
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Thunderbird's long history of personalized luxury has made it a legend in its time. And for 1972, Thunderbird is a very opulent extension of the legend. Inside, you get the new luxury of greater passenger room: room for six, in fact the most room any Bird ever had. And with more room because of its new longer wheelbase comes more luxury. Plush cut-pile carpeting, an opulent split-bench front seat for personal comfort, and unique Thunderbird interior touches. There's a muscular 429-4V engine, automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, steel belted radial tires and even an automatic parking brake release. All standard equipment! Thunderbird options? The sky's literally the limit with a power sunroof, or the extra security of Sure-Track brake-control system, with its computerized sensors that detect a skid before you do and gently, automatically, brake it back into control. When you order your Thunderbird you're getting more than a car. You're moving into a legend.

More than a car.





HIGH ON NEPAL

BY TED KOSOY

Good to wonderful vibrations in Buddha's backyard

Nepal is a strange mixture: the birthplace of Buddha, five centuries before Christ, the home of the Abominable Snowman and the Sherpa guide, Tenzing Norgay, who accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary on his conquest of Mount Everest in 1953. Nepal's Gurkhas are famed as soldiers and her artists, uninfluenced by the outside world, developed the pagoda and introduced it into China in the seventh century, and from there it went to Japan. Nepal separates the two great Asian civilizations, the Chinese and the Hindu, and has been the historic bridge between them. The idea of Shangri-la was probably inspired in Nepal.

Like the Shangri-la of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, it was closed for centuries at the express wish of its rulers, impenetrable from the south by jungle and from the north by the Himalayas. Earlier visitors got there on foot through the malaria infested jungle of Terai, then by palanquin carried by coolies for several days over the Churia mountains. Until recently furniture and even trucks were crated and carried in on the backs of coolies through the dense jungle and up and over a mountain pass 8,000 feet high. Today the Shangri-la is open again, though limited to Kathmandu, the capital, and surrounding regions.

Visas, valid for 15 days, are obtainable in New Delhi or New York. BOAC and Pan Am fly to Calcutta or Delhi and / *continued on page 74*



Religious rituals play a major role in the life of Nepal, even in crowded markets

Nepal continued / from there it is a two-hour flight to Kathmandu. Or you can drive there (on a road built by India in 1957) in about a day.

I arrived in Nepal with strange feelings and expected Kathmandu to be a city of mysticism. Instead I found a small town with a western atmosphere, automobile traffic, a golf course, roads that had potholes big enough to devour a tank, and a floating used-car market, the only one of its kind run by visiting Europeans and Americans.

The city's special appeal is in her temples, especially the Hindu Pashupatinath temple where all devout Hindus dream of being cremated. If you have never seen a cremation you should find it quite fascinating, bearing in mind the religious character of the ceremony. There is nothing to be squeamish about. It is quick and clean, and seems ordinary and natural enough in the temple setting. The eldest son or brother shaves his head, leaving only a tuft of hair at the top, walks three times around the body and then sets fire to a stick of wood in the cadaver's mouth. He tends the fire and watches the burning until the ceremony is completed. Unlike cremations in Benares by the Ganges river, where there is a stiff fine and lots of abuse if they catch you taking a picture, there is a perfect view from the hilltop opposite the Pashupatinath temple permitting unhindered picture-taking. From this vantage point I was able to see ashes and the skull after the ceremony.

Even though you can't get to Tibet, you'll manage to meet many Tibetans — the refugees, monks and those who trek through the mountains with their goods to sell at a higher price than in Lhasa, the Chinese-run Tibetan capital.

You can see Tibetan monks in their religious devotions at chaityas, an intermediate temple of the pagoda type. Of particular interest are the 2,000-year-old Shambunath and sixth-century Bodhnath temples, both white-painted brick hemispheres, with the eyes of the Buddha painted on the sides. An English-speaking monk explained, "This is to say that the Buddha follows the movements of us all, that nothing is hidden from him." The temple precincts swarm with winsome children, or mothers displaying their children, saying "*Angrez Baksheesh*" — "Englishman, give me a tip."

Kathmandu's interest fades in a couple of days, so move on to Pokhara, the one other place your visa is valid for. It is a 45-minute flight from Kathmandu, at the foot of the Himalayan giants, and is a great way of seeing many of the five-mile-high peaks. Mountaineers are drawn here in the same way that ardent Catholics make pilgrimages to Rome. And yet even here political strife in the world beyond impinges on the fragile hide-away mood of this mountain paradise. For a few years in the early 1960s, mountain climbing was temporarily halted because of complaints by the Communist Chinese that the climbers were really CIA agents using the peaks to spy on them.

Something of the cynicism of the outside world has even reached the domain of those who climb the giants. An Englishman, who accompanied me to Pokhara Valley to view the snow-clad 26,500-foot Annapurna, said: "It used to be that your word was accepted without question when you claimed to have scaled a certain peak. Today that's all changed. Your integrity just isn't recognized any longer and in this age, when a helicopter can get you there, no claim is accepted without proof."

But the land of mysticism, which so many planeloads of chartered groups of Americans, French and Germans want to find and don't, is still there. I think I found it because I had come from India by car. The countryside is beautifully laid out in the way I imagine Tibet to be — full of staircase-like terraces built by unceasing toil over the centuries. The atmosphere of a Himalayan retreat is heightened when you visit in the villages, getting a bird's-eye view of the hillside homes painted orange brown, melons ripening in the sun on the thatched roofs. As you walk, children play hopscotch (which makes me wonder where the game began), women roll and smoke their own cigars, and men play cards. Their women wear full skirts, flowers in their hair and rings in their noses, and the combination is fetching.

Though they are poor and their life is simple the people do not think of themselves as poor nor are they discontented. Begging doesn't exist in the countryside, where the tourist invasion hasn't yet begun. In fact, being shut off from the world and never having known the likes of a Genghis Khan or an Attila make them the happiest people I have ever met. They are a charmingly innocent and spontaneously accepting people, who greet you with smiles wherever you meet them.

Nepal wasn't quite the chance to get away from it all I expected. In the lobby of my hotel in Kathmandu I met a Canadian who not only was from Toronto but grew up in the same neighborhood I did. So if you regard Tibet as the true escape, Nepal is the next best thing to being there.

WHERE TO STAY

Stay at the Hotel Annapurna of the Hilton chain which has air conditioning and a shopping arcade ($13 for single with meals and $23 double with meals) if you are used to large hotels. Stay in the Coronation Hotel or the Royal Hotel (seven dollars to $10 single with meals, $16 to $18 double with meals) if you prefer something smaller. Be prepared for frequent electricity blackouts wherever you stay. Life's like that up here with the Abominable Snowman.

WHAT TO BRING

Smallpox and cholera vaccination certificates and your passport. Bring 150 cigarettes, one bottle of liquor, and film or whatever else you might want to take from your local druggist. ■



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

HATFIELD from page 42

says such things as, "The real issues are no longer partisan issues," and, "I agree that the Maritimes need more radicals, as a catalyst, to get the rest of us off our rears," although he adds, "that's provided they're in touch with reality, which they usually aren't, and know anything about this region, which they generally don't."

One of Hatfield's immediate predecessors as a member of the legislature for Carleton held his seat for a generation largely by continually reminding his constituents that there wasn't a mao among them who had scraped more cow manure off his boots than he had. Hatfield talks books, plays, films and music as readily, and as intelligently, as he talks politics. He collects paintings on a modest scale: "I have a Goodridge Roberts picture that I'm told recently doubled in price. That's so meaningless, such nonsense, because unless I want to sell it, which I don't, how can it have any cash value? A painting is priceless or not worth 10 cents, depending on whether or not you like it." He's also a gourmet, in a casual and unpretentious way, and an amateur cook. (His specialty is an oyster stew, the *pièce de résistance* of a Christmas eve gathering of the Hatfields, who equal the Kennedys in number, and may surpass them in clannishness.) And he's a citizen of the world who, characteristically, spent his first vacation as premier driving alone in a rented car around Morocco.

But if that were the whole story he'd never have been elected. Although Hatfield is unique in Maritime politics, he's representative of a type of man found more often in the Atlantic Provinces than anywhere else in Canada: one who combines what William James called "cultural immersion" in a particular region with full membership in the global village. In his own very different way the novelist Ernest Buckler is another such man, writing articles for *Esquire* in the parlor of the Nova Scotia farmhouse where he was born. So is the painter Tom Forrestall, riding his bicycle along the elm-shaded streets of Fredericton one day and arranging an exhibition in New York the next.

The fascinating thing about such men is not that they live in two worlds but that they're almost equally at home in both. Asked why he left Ottawa to return to New Brunswick, Hatfield answers matter-of-factly, "This is my home. I belong here." He's as much in his own element eating bean-hole beans (cooked over hot coals in a covered pit) at a Lions Club picnic on the banks of the Becaguimec as when consuming *puree de champignons* at the Canadian embassy in Paris. He gives the same attention to supervising a display of miniature fireworks at the Hartland potato festival as to a Shakespearean play starring Sir John Gielgud in London or a concert by Arlo Guthrie in New York. He picks up hitchhikers both in Morocco ("There was this old man, a Berber, and when I let him out, God, before I had time to do anything about it, he knelt down and kissed my feet. That was terrible") and in New Brunswick ("This kid asked me what I did for a living and I told him I was a member of the legislature and he said, 'How much do you get out of that?' and I said, 'The pay is $7,500 a year, but $2,500 of that is tax free,' and he said, 'Yeah, yeah, that's the salary, but how much do you get out of the graft?' And the point is he wasn't being insulting, just curious, he took it for granted that all politicians were thieves!")

What's unusual about Hatfield is not that he's the kind of man he is but that, being the kind of man he is, he chose to go into politics in a region where most such men regard politicians with a mixture of amusement and disdain. When Allan Donaldson, a professor at UNB, and a New Brunswicker in the sense that Brendan Behan was an Irishman, says that "nobody who takes politics seriously could ever be happy in the Maritimes," he's expressing a prevalent attitude.

> One of his first political assignments was to hand out pamphlets during his father's election campaign

Perhaps in Hatfield's case, the choice was made for him. "My father took me to political meetings the way some fathers take their sons to baseball games. My first memory connected with politics is of firecrackers and bonfires, that would be election night in 1935. As a little kid when I thought of politics I thought of thrills and excitement and fun, it was as if it were a kind of gigantic carnival midway, with barkers and ferris wheels and roller coasters." He attended his first Tory national leadership convention in 1938 and hasn't missed one since. One of his earliest political assignments was handing out pamphlets during his father's election campaign. At the last convention he worked for Robert Stanfield. He attended the last Republican presidential convention, in much the same spirit as a fervent fan attending the World Series. "I could sit up all night listening to the returns coming in from an election in Andorra or Liechtenstein," he laughs. (Hatfield laughs frequently and unlike most people who laugh frequently he always sounds genuinely amused. Generally it's an unaffected but restrained chuckle, but occasionally it's a boyish outburst that gives a glimpse of the 10-year-old Dick Hatfield who once slipped into Diefenbaker's Parliament Hill office and poured ink over the papers on his desk. Diefenbaker carried him into his father's nearby office, bellowing: "Heber, are you going to spank this boy, or do I have to do it for you?")

The inhabitants of Hartland, where literally everybody knows everybody else, may have realized he was going to run for a seat in the legislature before he was fully aware of it himself. The power of collective conviction in small towns is so powerful that sometimes by a process of constant, almost telepathic psychological pressure it brings about events that it seems merely to anticipate. As the youngest of the three sons of Heber Hatfield, Richard was regarded by the townspeople even in 1952, when I first met him and he was studying at Acadia University, as his father's political heir. (The name Heber, like many first names in the Upper St. John River Valley, is that of an obscure Old Testament prophet. Heber Hatfield left home at 12 with a horse and wagon to seek his fortune after a quarrel with *his* father, George Washington Hatfield, a storekeeper and postmaster, in which, according to family legend, he'd threatened to burn down a barn in an attempt to blackmail the old man, a Grit, into turning Tory. He later established one of the first potato-chip plants in Canada. Ottawa journalists almost invariably described him as "dour.")

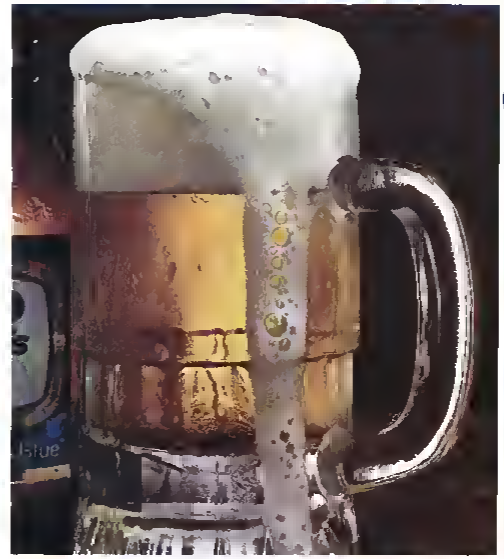
I've never seen Dick Hatfield lose his temper. When he's displeased his face registers impatience rather than anger, and a disdain that ranges from chill through cold to glacial. Perhaps the one thing that most annoys him is the suggestion that he's primarily the rich and patrician product of an influential Tory family. The term "Family Compact" has been used in reference to him in *The Mysterious East*, an iconoclastic, left-leaning Fredericton news magazine. "I find that offensive," he says, in the tone and with the facial expression of a man sniffing an unpleasant smell. "It's inverted snobbery."

It's true that to be a Hatfield in Hartland is to possess certain privileges so intangible that the recipient is seldom fully conscious of being granted them. The most important such

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WHEN YOU'RE SMILING CALL FOR 'LABATT'S BLUE'



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privilege consists in being permitted to stand a little apart, to retain a measure of privacy rare in so insular a community. Old-timers recall how Heber Hatfield occasionally walked the length of Main Street without speaking to, or even acknowledging the presence of, anyone he met. In a town where adults as well as children say hello to passing strangers such behavior would have been considered all but unforgivable in almost anyone else. In Heber Hatfield it was taken as proof of his extraordinary powers of concentration. "Heber must be doin' some deep thinkin' today," they said to one another in the barbershop.

But it's also true that Hartland is too small to be divided into social classes in the 20th-century sense. Economically the population ranges from lumpenproletariat to upper middle class. But a child growing up there isn't segregated like a child growing up in a ghetto or a suburb. If you're a Hatfield kid you'll have an infinitely better chance of growing up to be premier than a kid from the shantytown complacently known as Stovepipe Alley, where the poverty is at least the equal of any in North America. But you'll know kids from the Alley, you'll play together, and a playground has its own aristocracies, in which a Hatfield kid may have to take second place to an Alley kid who's better with a baseball. Most important you'll grow up knowing, really knowing, people of all ages and conditions. That knowledge probably won't make you any more compassionate, but it can't help but make you aware that, for instance, even the village idiots and the town drunks are not merely human beings in the zoological sense but individuals.

Furthermore there's a sense in which every human encounter in Hartland, no matter how brief and casual, is a social event. The man who cuts your hair isn't just a barber, but someone you know, someone who knows you and may have known your father, someone whose wife knows your wife and whose kids play with your kids. Even buying a package of cigarettes becomes an act of social intercourse, involving certain social obligations. It's a town that offers all of the rural amenities and many of the urban ones, provided you're sufficiently insulated in one way or another against the relentless communal pressure that may otherwise leave you with spiritual claustrophobia.

> In Hartland, Hatfield learned that even village idiots and town drunks are humans and individuals

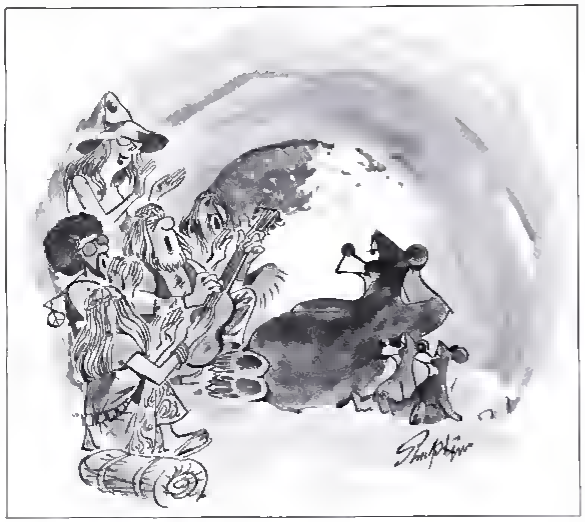
Richard Hatfield is probably the most emotionally self-sufficient person I know, and immeasurably tougher than he at first appears to be. His strength rests in a kind of classic reticence that's easier to sense than to describe. "There's a locked room somewhere inside that guy that he's not going to open for anybody," says a member of the legislative press gallery. That strength may stand him in good stead in handling the faction within his party that would feel more comfortable under the leadership of Charlie Van Horne, a peripatetic business promoter and old-fashioned back-concession spellbinder who would have fascinated Sinclair Lewis and was Hatfield's predecessor as Tory leader. Van Horne resigned after a bitter 1967 election in which, to almost everybody's surprise, he not only led the party to defeat but lost his own seat. He made a halfhearted effort to regain the leadership at the convention that gave the job to Hatfield, and is now Minister of Tourism. I suspect that Hatfield and Van Horne don't so much dislike as despise one another, perhaps in an almost amiable way.

My interview with Hatfield finally took place late one afternoon in the Legislative Building, a comfortably ugly structure — "homely" in both the English and American senses of the word — in which a portrait of Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, a Father of Confederation, wearing the insignia of a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George conferred on him by Queen Victoria, gazes down austerely but benignly on the page boys with moustaches and almost shoulder-length hair scuttling back and forth among the potted plants. We sat at the end of a boardroom table in one of the committee rooms. Hatfield's eyes were slightly vague from fatigue, and he had a Nixonesque five-o'clock shadow. The legislature was debating a 116-section Labor Relations Act.

He told me, as he tells everybody, that his government's first priority is jobs. (The unemployment rate in New Brunswick is one of the highest in Canada, which explains why the patronage system is so firmly entrenched: obtaining a government job may mean the difference between a color television set and a welfare voucher.) "The former government emphasized social reform; now we need an economic basis to support it."

How does he propose to create jobs? "There's no magic formula. The answer is partly effective and efficient organization. There's a great opportunity here for the establishment of industries of the new technology — assembling electronic components, for instance. These are products of high value and low shipping costs. Those are two advantages. They're labor-intensive and it doesn't matter if the labor force is unskilled because these industries prefer to do their own on-the-job training. One of our greatest

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PHOTOGRAPHED IN MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. LOOKING TOWARDS RED SQUARE.

Who would have thought of making a Vodka Martini in Moscow?

We would. Our Russian friends thought that the only way to enjoy Vodka was to take it straight. So we took Alberta Vodka, and a handful of North American Vodka masterpieces to Moscow. And one of the first drinks we mixed was an original, truly international meeting of the two cultures: the Moscow Martini.

First we poured one and one half parts of Alberta Vodka into a glass. A touch of vermouth and a dash of Angostura bitters, to make it drier than dry. And then we gave it to Boris. The result? Instant detente.

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Just ask the Russians . . .

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makes a велйкий* everything.

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HATFIELD continued

advantages is our good labor force. Our people attach value to working, and we have a tradition of good labor-management relations."

I asked him wasn't he using euphemisms to say that New Brunswick, like all the Atlantic Provinces, contained an abundant supply of men prepared to be grateful for the opportunity of working long hours at low pay because they'd never known anything better and had known many things much worse. "No, I think there are perfectly respectable historical reasons for our good labor-management relations. Industry came late to this region. The big battles over wages and working conditions had already been fought elsewhere. We don't have the same heritage of mistrust." When he talks Hatfield smokes a great many cigarettes and, when it's at hand, drinks unsweetened black coffee in almost astonishing quantities.

The first objective of every government in the Maritimes has been "industry at almost any price" and in practice the "almost" frequently has been deleted. Industries have been granted staggering tax concessions and subsidies and have been permitted to pollute the environment almost at will. "The trouble is our governments haven't always realized the price they were paying," Hatfield said. "It's easy to see now where they were wrong, but then hindsight is always wiser than foresight. Anyway, that day is past. We don't intend to be conned."

Now for almost the first time some Maritimers are questioning the very principle of industrialization. They're saying their governments are striving in effect to create the problems that existing industrial areas are struggling to solve. That's the viewpoint of *The Mysterious East*. "They feel that full employment means total pollution," Hatfield said. "I simply don't believe that. Obviously there'll never be a totally clean industry. But the government is obligated to protect our social and natural environment and it's going to fulfill its obligation."

Many New Brunswickers feel that their province has been an economic colony of Ontario ever since Confederation. When J. B. Burgoyne, associate editor of the Saint John *Telegraph-Journal*, says: "This province never recovered from the Depression of 1874," he isn't being facetious, he's as serious as an Indian militant discussing a broken 18th-century treaty. History's losers inevitably look to the past. The small locally owned factories bought by Toronto manufacturers so they could be shut down are part of the folk memory of the region, haunting the imagination of Maritimers like ghost stories half-remembered from childhood. "And there's truth behind the mythology," Hatfield said. "One of the reasons we aren't as prosperous as we ought to be is that the federal government, every federal government for 100 years, has focused on central Canada at the expense of both coasts, east and west. The west coast has compensated by exploiting its resources, enormous resources far beyond anything that exists here in the east."

K. C. Irving, reputed to be worth $400 million, and frequently denounced by leftist intellectuals as the last of the robber barons, is nevertheless a folk hero to many working-class New Brunswickers. They see him as a Churchill manning the beaches against the pirates from Toronto. When the Montreal *Last Post* quotes him as saying, "Sometimes Upper Canadians are the worst kind of foreigners," it's intended to be self-satire, but Maritimers are more likely to applaud than laugh. What is Hatfield's reaction to the charge that New Brunswick is in effect a seigniory with Irving as seignior, and therefore it doesn't much matter who holds the title of premier? "That sort of situation was possible 30 years ago. But the powers of government have substantially increased since then. The government has more money and more manpower and more competence than it used to have. Irving couldn't control the government unless it wanted him to."

> The day of industrial giveaways is over, says the premier. "We don't intend to be conned."

One of Hatfield's major objectives is the establishment of single-member constituencies for the 58-seat legislature. "Reform is imperative if the English- and French-speaking sections of the population are to work together effectively," he said. The Conservatives have only three Acadian MLAs, two of them cabinet ministers. In the previous election, the Liberals elected only two members in the overwhelmingly English-speaking St. John River Valley from Grand Falls to Saint John, although they were luckier in other English-speaking areas. Fred Arsenault, Hatfield's Acadian executive assistant, says the existing electoral system has been responsible for a "vicious" solidification of ethnic voting patterns. Most of the present constituencies, based on counties mapped out in the 19th century, elect between two and five members each. Balloting was simplified somewhat under Robichaud but it's still easiest to vote the straight ticket. In consequence there is an extremely high percentage of safe seats, perhaps as many as two thirds of the whole. Some seats, in fact, are so safe that often the minority party candidates are less concerned with getting into the legislature than in obtaining the seats on the county patronage committee traditionally assigned to losing candidates of the winning party. "Democratically the multiple-member ridings are corrupt," Hatfield said, "and there's no doubt the worst aspect of it is that they tend to perpetuate the feeling that the Conservatives are the English party and the Liberals the French party."

Hatfield, who speaks French with an accent that has variously been described as "stilted," "labored" and "atrocious," sees economic development as the key to good interracial relations. "The less poverty, the less ignorance, the less fear, the less bigotry and intolerance. If some of our people still use the rhetoric of racial, religious and linguistic bigotry it's generally only their way of trying to express their economic fears and frustrations. Those fears and frustrations we're determined to eliminate."

Of the three Maritime premiers (the others, Gerald Regan of Nova Scotia and Alex Campbell of Prince Edward Island, were his classmates at law school, where he and Campbell were also roommates) Hatfield has been most sympathetic to the proposed creation of a single Maritime province. The proposal, which has been kicking around since before Confederation, was revived by Robichaud and strongly recommended in a report published last year by a committee appointed by the three governments. "I'm not convinced we should unite," Hatfield said, "but I'm convinced we should study the possibility with a positive attitude. At present, competition, especially competition for industry, is structured into the system. For a century we haven't had the impact to bring about real improvement. I understand people's feelings of provincialism, because I share them. I feel strongly as a New Brunswicker. But there's a certain price I won't pay for pride."

Hatfield has been in office only a year. What kind of premier will he eventually prove to be? My admittedly prejudiced and largely intuitive prediction is that with luck — and it will take a lot of it — he'll be the best New Brunswick has ever had. He may even make politics in the province intellectually respectable ■

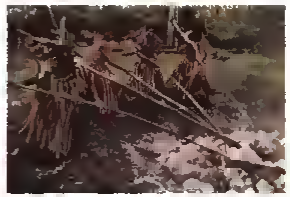


"How could we refuse an invitation to walk with our Fiji hosts? Especially when the walk was over white hot rocks!"

1 Bill and Jean Schmidt of San Francisco had heard of the fascinating fire walking ceremony of Fiji and made a four hour crossing to get to the island of Beqa. "We were met by the chief of the fire walkers," Jean tells us. "The chief was so impressed that we came all the way from the mainland to see his ceremony, that he asked Bill if he'd like to partake in a most unusual privilege!

2 Six hours before the ceremony began, rocks and huge logs were placed into the pit and covered with dry palm fronds. Then turned into a roaring inferno with flames leaping 25 feet high. By dusk the rocks were white hot, with a temperature of close to 1,000 degrees centigrade.





3 Full dress warriors charged the fire with 15 foot poles, settling the stones. Then the fire walkers, without any fear of the unbearable heat, trod confidently over the rocks, the chief motioning for Bill to join them. But of course nobody else could possibly do that.

4 Back at the Korolevu Beach Hotel we told our friends about it over a bottle of Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



Canadian Club

Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

Something in this picture dates the whole house. Can you spot it?



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Congested outlets, extension cords and blown fuses all point to inadequate wiring. And in an older house this inconvenience is really not surprising, when you think of the number of ways we have come to rely on electricity.

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Besides offering greater convenience and safety, electrical modernization opens all kinds of possibilities to help you enjoy your home to the full. From imaginative contemporary lighting to the new-found comfort of year-round climate control.

The cost of rewiring will probably be less than you expected. And the Hydro Finance Plan makes it easier to get started. You can get more information about electrical modernization from any qualified electrical contractor. Or ask your hydro.

your hydro

Up-to-date wiring makes so much more possible.

CREIGHTON from page 30

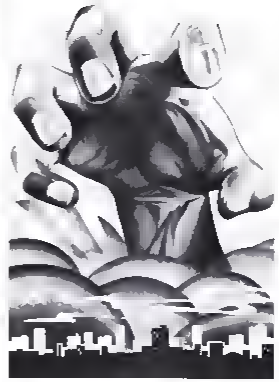
American capital but it also proved how difficult it was going to be to prevent or limit this growing and dangerous economic invasion. Despite the desperate resistance of the Opposition, the pipeline bill passed, only a few hours after the deadline C. D. Howe had set, and its passage was an ominous indication of the strength of the forces of American continentalism and of the relative ease with which it would overcome the obstacles that Canadians might try to put in its path.

From that moment, Canada did make occasional attempts to resist the gradual, persistent erosion of its independence, but no comprehensive and systematic strategy of defense was ever adopted. The Canadian efforts were isolated and piecemeal, tentatively advanced, and hurriedly abandoned at the first sign of risk or retaliation. In the 15 years since the pipeline debate, there have been more retreats than advances on any of the three Canadian nationalist fronts, political, economic and social. And while the political and economic leaders who negotiated the retreats have remained securely in power, the nationalists who tried to lead the advances have been dismissed, or defeated, or repudiated.

The heavy pressure of American influence is obvious in Canadian defense and foreign policy. The Ogdensburg Agreement of August 1940 established the Canada-United States Permanent Joint Board on Defense, and the military cooperation on a continental scale which it inaugurated was continued during the Cold War by the North American Air Defense Agreement (NORAD) of 1957. Like Great Britain and Australia, Canada gave general support to American power politics in the Cold War and even went so far as to contribute military assistance to that first inglorious endeavor of American imperialism in the Far East, the Korean War. It is true — and we must all be profoundly grateful for the fact — that Canada has never stooped to take any active part in that most criminal of all imperialistic ventures, the American intervention in Indo-China. But it is equally true — and must be admitted — that the Canadian sale of large quantities of war materials to the United States makes it impossible for us to escape the charge of complicity in this evil conflict. The only Canadian in power who dared seriously to question the wisdom of American leadership in defense and foreign policy was John G. Diefenbaker. He declined to make the automatic response to American initiative in the Cuban

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THE BOSS GIVETH AND THE MONEY-LENDER TAKETH AWAY.



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Finance companies can take up to 18% true annual interest on loans from $1000 to $1500. On bigger loans, the sky's the limit.
Retail store credit costs you an average of 18% a year.
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Not the Credit Unions.
A Credit Union is a community of people who pool their savings and lend each other money.
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Your first savings deposit goes into a share account. That makes you an owner of your Credit Union. So you get dividends on your deposits.
Where do the dividends come from? Interest from members who borrow from the Credit Union.
So when you pay back a Credit Union loan, you're sort of paying back yourself.
What's more, you could get a rebate of part of your loan interest at the end of the year.
Almost all Credit Unions charge 12 1% true annual interest. On the average last year, that worked out to 10.8% after rebates.
It all depends on how your Credit Union does and how you and your fellow members vote to distribute the money it earns among yourselves.
About 5½ million Canadians share our philosophy. They have over $4 billion in savings, protected by bonds and Provincial Government supervision.
This month we're celebrating International Credit Union Day with over 40,000,000 fellow members throughout the world. Join us.

NACCU

National Association of Canadian Credit Unions
P.O. Box 800, Station U, Toronto

crisis in the autumn of 1962, he dared to postpone the adoption of nuclear weapons for the Canadian Armed Forces against the wishes of the Kennedy administration; and, as a result, he was attacked by the Kennedy administration, as well as by the official Liberal Opposition in Canada, and defeated by the Canadian people in the election of 1963

The efforts to defend the Canadian economy from the invasion of American capital have been equally short-lived and vain It is 10 years now since James Coyne, the governor of the Bank of Canada, tried to convince Canadians that they "must live within their own means", and it is more than eight years since Walter Gordon failed to persuade the Liberal Party to accept his take-over tax of 30% on the sale of shares in Canadian corporations to foreign interests Three years ago the Task Force headed by Melville Watkins completed its official government survey on the extent of American ownership and control in Canadian industry, and since that time a dozen books and scores of newspaper and magazine articles have kept Canadians fully informed about the steady onward march of American investment in almost every division of our economy The popular protest has grown stronger with each successive take-over: the expansion of the Mercantile Bank, the transfer of the Denison Mine and the Home Oil Company and the huge sale of natural gas to the United States have all provoked strong and prolonged critical comment But in the main the government has remained unmoved by this nationalist clamor If it has acted, it has acted indirectly, privately and sometimes at the last moment; and, despite repeated promises, it has not yet produced a comprehensive plan of defense

In the face of all this, the moral and cultural identity of the Canadian people has had a hard struggle to survive The Canada Council has done much for Canadian scholarship and the arts, and successive regulatory bodies have tried to save the airwaves for Canadian interests, issues and talents But the struggle to compete with American television programs and to combat the changing technology of American broadcasting has overtaxed the resources of the Canadian industry, just as the popularity of American periodicals has proved too much for Canadian magazines. Ten years ago a royal commission made recommendations for the promotion of a genuine Canadian periodical press The bill, based on this report, which was passed a few years later, placed certain tax disabilities on foreign publications, but the two most popular American periodicals in Canada were specifically exempted from these provisions American publishing houses have become increasingly active in Canada in recent years, one veteran Canadian house and a division of a second have been taken over by American interests. A third, the largest wholly Canadian-owned and controlled publishing business in the country, was put up for sale a few months ago and was rescued only by the intervention of a provincial government.

II

The story of the Canadian national movement during the 15 years which followed the pipeline debate is a dismal story, full of retreats and defeats and frustrations. The nationalists have had some good leaders, a copious and effective supply of statistical ammunition, a good deal of interest and some support from the press, and apparently a large and vocal following among the Canadian people Yet they seem to have achieved virtually nothing. What has gone wrong? Why are the results so tragically disproportionate to the effort expended? Was the Canadian nationalist movement doomed from the beginning? Or is its comparative failure up to now attributable to some vital defect in his strategy and tactics? Who are the principal opponents of Canadian nationalism? What are the reasons for their opposition and what forces can they bring to the attack?

> The nationalists have had some good leaders, yet they seem to have achieved virtually nothing

In Canada, as in most other nations in the late 20th century, nationalism has been opposed by two forces of great potency — by internationalism on the one hand, and by provincialism and localism on the other These two forces are complementary in their destructive effects, they are the upper and nether millstones between which the 19th-century national state has been steadily ground down and weakened Nationalism, the great creative force of 19th-century politics, has, for the last two generations, been increasingly subjected to criticism and disparagement; and perhaps the most important of the powerful solvents which have led to its disintegration is the group of ideas, interests and aspirations implied in the word internationalism Internationalism can, of course, have an economic, a cultural, or a political meaning, but fundamentally it rests upon a single ideal — the belief that the only hope of humanity rests on the possibility of a peaceful world order Nationalism, these idealists assume, breeds division and conflict; internationalism will bring peace Nationalism is therefore morally inferior to internationalism; and nationalists are ordered, as I was ordered recently by a censorious reviewer, to abandon what he called my "parochial proclivities" and to look on Canada in the "broader context of international society "

Stated in these impressive terms, internationalism appears as a noble and appealing ideal, but, under a more critical scrutiny, its specious excellence begins to take on a curiously spurious appearance Logically, I suppose, the ideal of complete world concord can be realized only through the establishment of a homogeneous and universal state, and whether this would be desirable, even if it were possible, is a question many of us might find it difficult to answer In the meantime, we know very well that the present division of the world into a large number of supposedly sovereign states is likely to continue indefinitely into the future We are also well aware of the fact that the second attempt in the 20th century to found an organization — the United Nations — for the maintenance of international peace and security has grievously disappointed the high hopes of its creators The first attempt — the League of Nations — collapsed in the Second World War, after only 20 years of existence The United Nations has survived longer, but how tragically has it failed to attain the first of the declared objectives of its charter "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war "

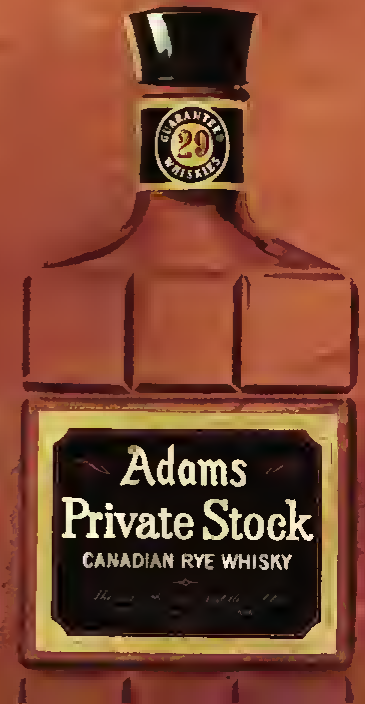
The truth is that the international ideal has not yet succeeded in creating an effective world organization On the other hand it has helped to bring into being several regional associations of states, often on a continental scale and usually dominated by a superpower Ever since the beginning of the Cold War, the superpowers, each with its attendant string of satellite states, have become the dominant fact of modern politics They are now the empires of the 20th century; and it is their imperialistic rivalries, and not the contentions of the smaller states, which alone seriously endanger the peace of the world If the nuclear war, which will destroy the world

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CREIGHTON continued

ever breaks out in Europe, or the Middle East, or the Far East, it will come, not as a result of the quarrels of the small powers of the region, but because of the intervention on a grand scale of the superpowers. It is imperialism, not nationalism, which poses the greatest threat to the peace of the world. And yet, in the absence of any effective system of international security, the imperialistic pull of the superpower is so great as to be almost irresistible. Canada has succumbed to it, and since that genuine international organization, the British Empire-Commonwealth, to which she once belonged, has now virtually dissolved, she has become a dependent member state of the American Empire.

When Canadians defend or extol internationalism, this is the strictly limited kind of internationalism that they have in mind. Dale Thomson, the Canadian critic who sanctimoniously invited me to see Canada "in the broader context of international society," is at present resident in Washington, the capital of the United States of America, and from that vantage point it is easy and natural for him to comprehend the whole of North America in a truly imperial vision. The Canadian advocates of internationalism are not really talking about internationalism at all, they are talking about North American continentalism. The international ideal is not the justification, but merely the excuse, of the continental empire dominated by the United States. Our first task is to expose this pious fraud and to free ourselves from its spurious moral compulsions. Our second and much more difficult need is to gain a clear view of the enormous and varied power of continentalism, and of the tight grasp it has already acquired on our actions and our thoughts.

Continentalism means the increasing organization of the activities of North America along continental lines under the leadership and direction of the United States. Political sovereignty may remain formally separate for a long time to come, but the chief governing decisions in defense, foreign policy, economic growth and cultural development will increasingly be made, not by Canadians but by Americans. This system, which has come gradually into existence over the past half century, has already conferred enormous material benefits on Canada and will, no doubt, continue to do so. It cannot give us security, for this is impossible in the nuclear age, but it can at least ensure us the protection of the greatest of the su-

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perpowers The capital, the enterprise, the technology and the technological skills of the most heavily industrialized and economically powerful nation in the world are all freely available to us on terms not very different from those required of its own citizens We can enjoy the comforts, the luxuries and the excitements of the most affluent and spendthrift continent in the world We can continue to fill the ever-increasing hours of our leisure time with the endlessly varied products of the most elaborate entertainment industry on earth

Canadians, of course, do not get all this largesse for nothing They pay for it and the price is extremely high In effect, they put themselves and all that they possess or may acquire under the control and direction of their neighbors Their natural resources — their metals, oil, gas, water and water power, the very birthright of the Canadian people — will be offered up to meet the voracious demands of the American military and industrial machine and unappeasable appetites of a lavish American society The knowledge, the abilities, the professional and technical skills which the expensive Canadian educational system has created will go to serve, not companies owned and controlled in Canada, but huge international or multinational corporations whose plans and policies are adopted in the United States The rapid growth of industrialism and urbanism in Canada and the increasing dependence of the Canadian people on the proliferating marvels of technology will gradually weaken and break down the native Canadian moral standards and cultural values, and undermine the inherited Canadian belief in an ordered and peaceful society and a gentle and simple way of life

These predictions are not baseless or extravagant They may very well take place And a good many Canadians are uneasily aware of this frightening possibility Yet they shrink back, intimidated, if not appalled, by the risks and the costs which seem inextricably involved in any decisive change in the steady course Canada has followed so long The truth is that Canadians, in accepting American capital, American management and American technology, have unwittingly received the spirit that animates all three They have not only become subjects of the American continental empire, but they have also become converts to its characteristic philosophy of life, to what might legitimately be called its religion The central doctrine of this religion is the belief that progress is the only good in life and that progress means the liberation of man through the progressive conquest of nature by technology In the satisfaction of man's wants lies the only meaning of his existence, and human wants can, of course, be altered, multiplied and endlessly refined by modern advertising There must be no limitation on the indefinite expansion of man's desires, no limitation on the capacity of modern industry to satisfy them; and, as an inevitable consequence, the conquest of nature and the exploitation of its natural riches must proceed swiftly and continually forward without stop or hindrance This new doctrine — the doctrine of continual economic growth — has captured the minds of Canadians, just as it has those of every other people in the western world To achieve economic growth they are prepared to sacrifice their independence, pillage their natural resources, contaminate their environment and endure all the hideous evils of modern industrialization and urbanization The American empire is taking over the birthright of Canadians, and its imperial religion has taken over their minds

III

Continentalism, the only aspect of that question-begging term "international" which has any meaning for Canadians, is with little doubt the strongest opposing force with which Canadian nationalism has to contend But continentalism is merely the upper millstone, the lower millstone, parochialism or provincialism, is its complement; and it is the attrition of these two powerful forces that has ground down the solid fabric of Canadian nationalism The pressure from without may be the more powerful of the two, but division within is a persistent enduring tendency in Canadian history going back to the disruption of the British Empire in North America and the coming of the Loyalists The presence of the Loyalists led to the creation of a new province in the Atlantic region and to the division of the old Province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada The mountain barrier of the Appalachians prevented any easy communication between the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces From the beginning, there was a strong strain of provincialism and localism in the history of British North America

> increasing dependence on the marvels of technology will weaken and break down Canadian moral standards

Confederation was the culmination of another and completely contradictory tendency in Canadian history — the urge toward unity and centralization for defense Geographically, Canada is a western extension of the St Lawrence River system, and the St Lawrence has been a centralizing force in Canadian history It is at once the symbol and the inspiration of the main style of Canadian endeavor, a transcontinental empire based on the east-west axis From the days of the French regime, successive generations of Canadians have struggled to frustrate and defeat their rivals and to extend the dominion of the St Lawrence to the western plains and the Pacific slope These rivals, the Thirteen Colonies and the United States, were from the beginning more numerous and powerful than the northern provinces, and in order to compensate for their relative weakness and to adjust the balance of power on the continent, the British North American colonies which had survived the American Revolution began to follow two basic policies They sought to retain the political, military and economic support of Great Britain as a makeweight against the preponderance of the United States; and they drew slowly closer to union for better self-protection The modern British Commonwealth, and the vital Anglo-Canadian alliance that underlay it, was the realization of the first aim; Confederation was the highest achievement of the second

Both these strong supports of Canadian nationalism have declined The slow dissolution of the British Empire-Commonwealth began half a century ago and the Anglo-Canadian alliance has ceased to act as a buttress of Canadian independence in North America The descent from the high level of unity and centralization achieved in 1867 began early and has continued, with only brief interruptions, since In part, this gradual diminution of national authority is an accident — the unexpected result of a series of legal decisions, particularly in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which gave the provinces far more power than the Fathers of Confederation had ever intended them to have But, if repeated strokes of meaningless bad luck have played a part in the process, the dismemberment of Canada must also be attributed to certain clearly discernible causes At the centre of the decline lies the deterioration of the St Lawrence itself as the chief factor in

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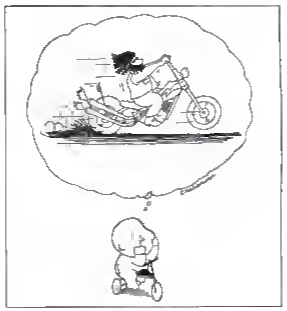
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Canadian history. The east-west axis, transcontinental and transAtlantic, has ceased to represent the main thrust of Canadian ambition and endeavor. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the settlement and exploitation of the west was the great national enterprise in which all Canadians joined, but now Canadian economic activity has largely shifted its direction from west to north. The national economy created by east-west transport and traffic has been broken up into a number of regional or provincial economies, each of which is controlled and used for its own purposes by the province to which it belongs. The main trade routes, which used to run east-west across the continent and the Atlantic Ocean, have now been sharply diverted south. The United States has become the chief market for Canadian exports and the chief source for Canadian imports of capital and technology.

Much of the provincial assertiveness and national disunity of the last two decades can be traced back to economic sources, but much of it also has equally deep cultural origins. The aggressive cultural forces of present-day politics are not national but local, provincial, regional, inspired by race, language or religion, and the sudden outburst of separatism in Quebec is one more example of this angry divisive trend. The so-called "Quiet Revolution" began as an attempt to preserve French-Canadian culture and to give French-Canadian citizens a larger place in the life of their province and of the nation as a whole. From the start, two methods were advocated as a means of achieving this object. The first was the creation of a united, bilingual Canada and the second was the recognition of Quebec as a distinctly different province with a right to a special, separate status in Confederation. As time went on, the leaders of all political parties in Quebec have increasingly emphasized the second of these methods, and have steadily enlarged the scope of the legislative autonomy which they claim for their province. The differences among the Liberals, Union Nationalists and the various kinds of separatists are no longer differences of kind, but simply of degree, and the consequences of all of them for Canadian nationalism would be almost equally disastrous. At the constitutional conference last June, the new Victoria charter, designed very largely to guarantee the official position of the French language and to protect other French-Canadian interests, was deliberately rejected by Quebec because it failed to satisfy her insatiable demand for provincial independence. When Claude Castonguay remarked with brutal candor that he had no interest whatever in Canada beyond the borders of Quebec, he seems to have voiced only too accurately the feelings of its government, if not of all of its people.

This, then, is our troubled state at the present moment. The forces opposed to Canadian nationalism — American continentalism and Canadian particularism — are extremely powerful and pervasive. None of the political parties by which the public life of this country is carried on has yet adopted a comprehensive program for the defense and preservation of Canadian nationalism. The Liberals hesitate to restrict the American economic invasion; the Conservatives have not urged them to adopt vigorous measures of protection; and the NDP, the one party which has taken a positive stand against all aspects of American domination, is split between those of its members who are willing to grant separate status to Quebec and those who are determined to refuse it. But Canadian nationalism can be preserved only by a comprehensive program in which resistance to excessive particularism and defense against aggressive continentalism is each an integral part.

We can save two cultures in a single nation, but not two separate nations and not 10 quarreling provinces. Our politicians have refused to acknowledge this truth because, like politicians the world over, they fear that, if they really tackle an important national issue, they will antagonize a powerful interest or an influential minority. Canadian nationalism is one of those causes, deep in people's hearts, that ordinary politicians never dare to touch. The nationalist movement in Canada must remain an apolitical movement, in the hope that if it cannot capture one party, it can influence them all. ■



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MY CANADA from page 20

police force, the finest educational system, the most honest politicians (often wrong but never rogues), the soldest citizens, and so forth? You may be seen but not heard — and if you have complaiots, keep them in the family, we're not the kiod of people who wash our dirty linen on television

In short, you may stand on your own two feet if you like, so long as you stay on your knees You have a wide choice, accept your lowly status, or improve it by copying your betters (namely, those fortuoate eoough to live in Europe or the U S A), *or* leave You are quite free to go, if you can't resist selling your soul to the devil We shall mourn your departure, but only ask you back when you've repented your success

It is also often said that Canadians are so stolid as to lack a sense of humor Nonsense The only way one could live to such a country as I have described is by virtue of a sense of humor Why, the Iodiaos had one before we got here, and what did Champlain do during his first Canadian winter? — founded the Order of Good Cheer Our authors have excelled at beiog funny, if they have excelled at anything, and as for the idea of a great Canadian play or novel on the weighty scale of a Tolstoi — why, the thing is laughable

When, many years ago, I used to take the annual revue *Spring Thaw* across the country, reporters would often ask me if people all over Canada laughed at the same jokes Well, no, they didn't But they laughed *in the same way* at different jokes *of the same kind*. Vancouver loved jokes about Quebec, Ootarians roared at jokes about Newfoundlanders, Montrealers fell in the aisles over jokes at the expense of Toronto, Haligonians wept at jokes about Ottawa, Ottawans choked on jokes about Winnipeg — and so on

But as I grow older, living in this amiable society, I know ooce again that something is wrong When I was young, the disturbing thought was that what I did, as a Canadiao, would oever really matter — and I suppose that, in a sense, I succumbed to the happy mediocrity of domestic laughter by joining it Now time is running out, for me and for my country Neither this century nor the next will belong to a people that lives in a perpetually irresponsible adolescence, whose finest boast is that it can laugh at its own mortification and turn humiliation into humility

Of course, we can always excuse our sins of omission with a quip "But, Father, I was a Canadian!" ■

Our South Pacific.

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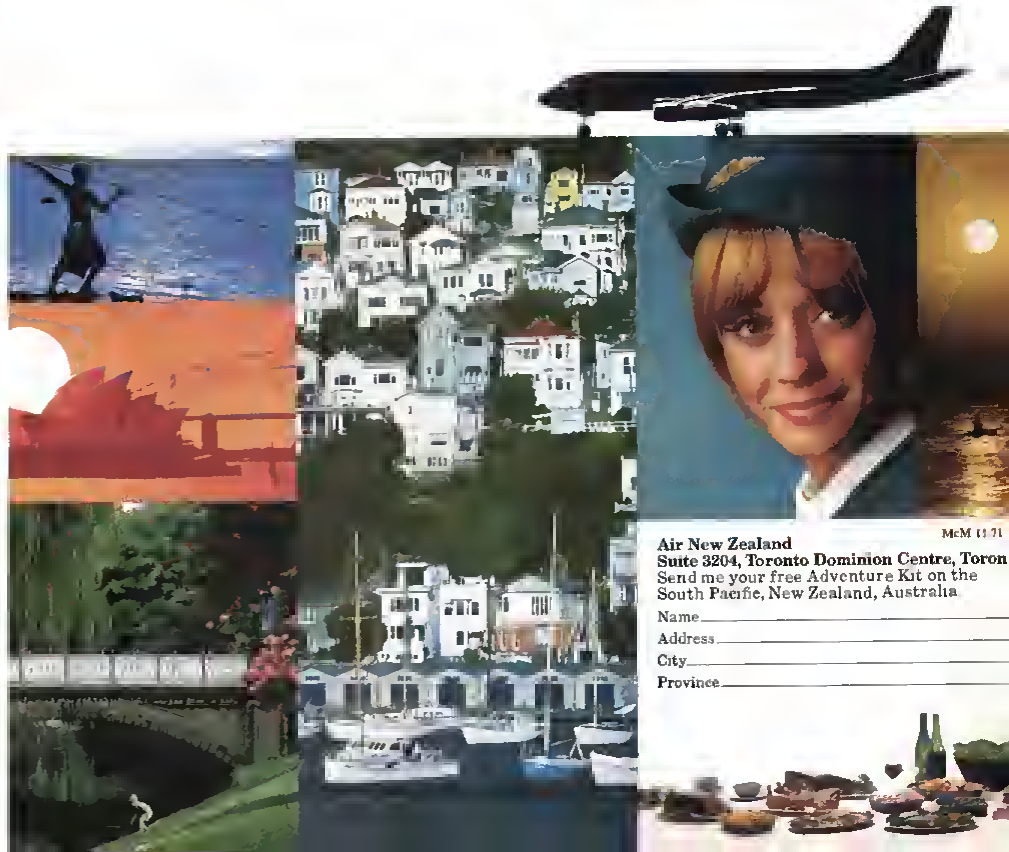
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CHEZ US

IN RECENT WEEKS we've been asked by all the provincial tourist departments to welcome our visitors with an extra degree of courtesy and service. Fine. I go along with that. Locally, we've had the same wish underlined, to make sure Revelstoke gets the message to shore up its reputation for hospitality. Still fine, and still I agree. We need the income tourism brings to town, and I agree completely that we should make our guests feel at home. Now comes the question: How do we know which tourists are welcome, and which are to be ignored? I hope the distinction doesn't lie where my suspicions do ... that we are pleased to see the visitors who have money to spend here, and not so happy about the ragamuffins who sleep in their underwear up at the Pelletier Hilton on Mount Revelstoke. Let me assure the official bodies once again that I have no wish to meddle, and that I'll grin hospitably at whichever group is designated ... but since I didn't see any official notice of welcome to the youngsters up at the "Hostile" or hear of their being invited to our Dominion Day spree, I just wondered, that's all. Simple question, so I thought ... are all visitors welcome in our valley, or just the ones with money? Perhaps it's just that the shoeless and soulless are guests of the federals, and we don't owe them a welcome.

Can't blame a guy for wondering, can you?

THE REVIEW, Revelstoke, BC

AFTERNOON TEA WILL BE HELD at Mrs. C. Johnson, 270 E. 13 Ave., Ste. 104, July 14 from 2 to 4 for her 86th birthday. No birthday gifts. Tea, 50c.

THE SUN, Vancouver

WARD FOUR ALD. JOHN NARDOCCHIO wants City Police to pay particular attention to his ward as even 'clothes are being stolen off the lines.' "I know this for a fact because two of my sweaters valued at $24 were stolen off the clothesline," he told City Council last night. "I believe we are too lenient with youth,' he said. Ald. Bill Sampson said the alderman should not place the blame on young people. "I chased two young people myself," Ald. Nardocchio replied. The matter was referred to the Police Commission.

THE CAPE BRETON POST, NS

Readers are invited to submit press clippings that offer some insight into Canadian life (no typographical errors or wire service stories please). We pay $5 for those we publish. Winners this month are: Mrs. Dora Bels, Maple Ridge, BC; D. Forsberg, Vancouver; Angela Radziknwski, Sydney, NS.

These are no ordinary times.

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There have been many different kinds of clock radios, but never anything like the "Tele-Time". Panasonic engineers have developed a "talking clock" with a voice inside. And when you touch the top, it interrupts the superb FM/AM radio to tell you the time. Out loud! Twenty-four hours a day.

You can set the "Tele-Time" to announce the time automatically, every hour. And you can wake up to a whisper or a shout, as the time is repeated every ten seconds for up to three minutes.

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The RC-6900C. What next?

The day'n date clock.
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Panasonic's new "Digi-Dater", so you'll always know what day it is. RC-6551C

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The one-of-a-kind "Digicorder" Panasonic's stunning new FM/AM Digital Clock Radio with the built-in cassette tape recorder.

You can enjoy it as a full feature digital clock with 24 hour alarm, as a custom cassette tape recorder, or as a magnificent FM/AM radio. And you can set any one of them to wake you. You can also pre-set the cassette recorder to automatically record while you are out. So you never miss your favourite program. RE-6600C

Panasonic has over 15 different clock and table radios, including one that even tells you when your baby is crying.

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We invite you to send the coupon for a free sample of this uniquely satisfying Sail. You'll also receive an entry form that could win you a magnificent hand-carved pipe by Larsen of Denmark, official pipemaker to the Royal Danish Court.

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ORR from page 32

I was watching it as I came around the other side and Gordie came across and gave me — this was my first lesson — a good shot. Someone told me later, I don't know whether it was true, that he had read that Gordie had said he just wanted to let me know he was still around.

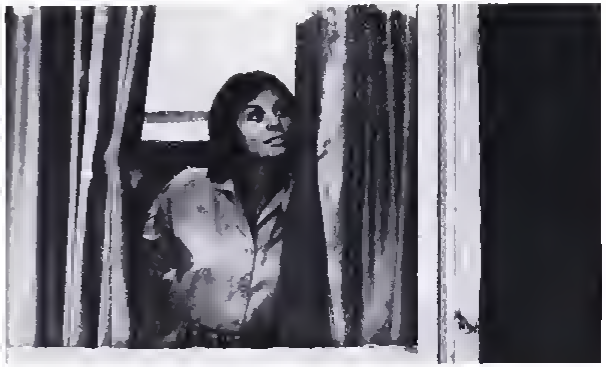
He was a tough son of a moose, but he had to be. Guys are always trying to make reputations for themselves, they've got to run the big guys, so Gordie was the man they tried. I'm sure he threw the odd elbow but he wasn't a dirty player the way people say. There's a story about how Gordie and Carl Brewer were lying on the ice, holding each other during a fight. It was Brewer's first year in the league, and Howe is supposed to have said to him, "Look, in this league when two players are holding each other like this they both let go." So Brewer let go and Howe is supposed to have punched him. That's the story but I don't believe it. There are bound to be stories about a player like Gordie. Besides, he didn't have to do that kind of thing. He could let you go and still give it to you.

A player will be remembered for being a great stickhandler or maybe he added something to the game, like when a defenseman falls to block shots. There's no way Gordie will be remembered for just one thing. Gordie will be remembered as the greatest hockey player. He did everything. You just didn't know what the man was going to do. It's just incredible. One time he'd be coming in on you and he'd make a certain move, so you'd watch for it the next time. But the next time he'd do something else and the time after that he'd do something else. He had a whole bag of tricks. The thing with Gordie is that he was a perfect athlete.

A lot of people don't understand hockey players. They think we're different. People write me about how much money I make. They'll say, "Who do you think you are, asking for x number of dollars a year? I thought you played for the love of the game." If I didn't like the game I wouldn't play it. But hockey is my trade. It's how I make my living. During the season that's all we do, that's all we eat, that's all we drink is hockey. A great hockey player like Gordie, a real professional, he's just like a car mechanic. You take a car in, 1,400 mechanics can't figure out what's wrong with it, except this one guy, who's a good mechanic, who's good at his job, who really studies his job.

But Gordie was a professional off the ice, too. I don't know, he was so great maybe this didn't happen to him,

continued on page 95



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9.1-E



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ORR continued

but there are days when you're so tired and everything that you just want to walk away from people. They expect so much of you — "He shouldn't smoke, he shouldn't drink, he shouldn't stay out after ten o'clock at night . . ." It's unfair, and there's the odd day when they just don't know when to leave you alone, so maybe you ignore them and they don't like it. But Gordie was so good to people, especially kids. And his family — I think I met Mrs. Howe in my second year in the league and I met the kids in my third year and they're just the greatest family. His kids are so polite. I had only met Mrs. Howe once and a few years ago I was walking with my bags through the airport in Montreal for an all-star game or something and a lady yelled at me, "Hey Bob, how are you?" At first I didn't recognize her but it was Mrs. Howe. It's just a fantastic family.

The finest athlete of them all — that's what Gordie is. And when I say athlete I'm talking about *any* sport. Take everything into consideration, his age, his record, his condition. There are some pretty good athletes around, great boxers, great football players, everything, but Gordie is in a league by himself. I'd be proud to be half the man on or off the ice that Gordie is. Here's a guy, he played professional hockey for 25 years, he was 43 years old, and he still ran the game. I mean you can't say anything. The guy has got to be the greatest. He's *still* the greatest. The only thing is his wrist, it's bothering him. That's why he retired. Otherwise, he could have played till he was 50. He could! He's in that great shape! The son of a moose, he could have played till he was 50. And that would have been fine with me — as long as he sat out every game against Boston. ■



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SSTMM

HOWE from page 33

That's been said in every dressing room in the league. But Bobby is a puck control artist and whenever you get a control artist you're going to draw a lot of hits. What I like about him is that he's man enough that he can take it, almost to the point where he sets himself up and just as he's about to get hit he'll get the pass away and maybe set up a three-on-one break. He's also smart enough — he's got that strength and control — that he rolls with it. They might knock him off his feet but there's a big smile on his face as he watches the completed play.

I've been around long enough that if a guy gave me a little extra he knew dang well he was getting it back. Bobby is on the ice a lot longer than I was so he stands a better chance of getting even. In hockey we never hold a grudge — but we never forget either. The first time I ever played in the National Hockey League I lost two front teeth. I went into the corner and the guy gave me an elbow and I said to myself, "Well, from now on when I go in there my elbows are going to be high." But if you count the number of times I was put in the hospital and the number of times I put people in the hospital, I was quite a few behind, a lot behind.

Bobby plays the game with a little body contact but nothing extracurricular, nothing chippy. And here again that quickness enables him to more than hold his own in any fisticuffs or pushing and shoving. Maybe if he weren't such a nice guy there'd be a few headhunters after him but no one is out there gunning for him. If there are stitches to be handed out he'll probably get his share — through accidents, nothing deliberate.

Bobby is such a great kid. The whole Howe family admires him. I was up in Parry Sound with my two boys, Mark and Marty, and there was a little luncheon and we met Bobby's mother and his dad. But what impressed me, he was just dressed to kill: a knit suit or something. And later we went over to the mail order store to sign some autographs and I guess Bobby is no different from a lot of athletes — every now and then they like to take the shirt and tie off and get back in the wilderness and catch a few fish — because after a few minutes he came into the store and he had changed into a pair of jeans and a Gordie Howe sweatshirt. That's the kind of guy he is. I hope he never changes.

When you're really great you can stretch things a little. But I've seen so many of these athletes who like to live it up, much to the dislike of the public. When they go bad they go bad fast. A good guy can hang on. Whether that's worth being good for, I don't know. One thing I do know: the general public has to be treated with as much respect as they give you. They're the paying customers — although some of them outstep their bounds. There's no doubt in my mind that some nights Bobby turns to a buddy and says, "Boy, would I like to pop that fan over there." But the fans can be good, too. I was going up to Moose Lake, north of Edmonton, and driving across a small bridge I rolled down the window to talk to a fisherman. "How are they biting?" I asked. He turned and said, "Pretty good, Gord." Like I was there all the time! Another time Bill Gadsby and I were fishing in Panama, after the big bill fish and early one morning our air conditioning wasn't working and it was very humid so we went out for a breath of air and somebody said, "Well, I'll be, Bill and Gord." I looked at Bill and said, "You gotta be kidding! In Panama!"

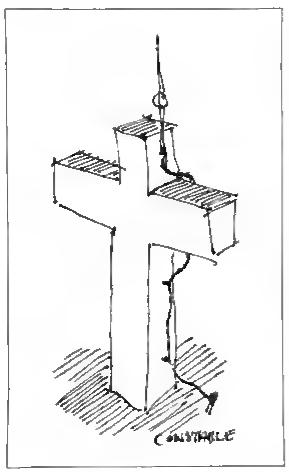
> When Bobby's on the ice he can control the game, set the pace, and if he's flying ... my God

You have to be on the defensive a lot. You have to be careful what you say. Like when some people swear it sounds sweet. A newspaperman called me many years ago and said, "I just quoted you in the paper." I said, "What did I say?" So he told me and I said, "I wouldn't say that." And he said, "I'm sorry, it's on the newsstands." A writer once lived in our house for two days and he hit me hard with that article. He said I spoke incoherently. When I read it I said, "Gee, I didn't think I mumbled that badly." I had a big gash in my mouth at the time. But he did, he actually sat down at our table and ate our food and then went away and wrote about me that way. Bobby's probably been through that, too.

But I've never seen Bobby say no. There are times when you're not feeling good, when you lose a game or something, and people want you to sign autographs outside the rink. They don't realize that there's someone sitting on that bus with a stopwatch and if you don't get there on time it's going to cost you $300. And Bobby, being the kind of team player he is, he knows he has to set an example and you can't stand there and sign autographs forever. So you say, "Excuse me, I have to go," and then somebody calls you a snob. That drives me up the wall, because Bobby *isn't* a snob. Bobby is the type that doesn't like to say no, and that leads to nothing but heartache. My wife kept a calendar in front of her and she'd block out my schedule on it, and she'd say, "Here you've got two days to yourself." And I'd say, "This never having a day to myself has got to stop." And she'd say, "What are you going to do? Let somebody down?" Well, you can't do that.

One regret I have is that I got involved in hockey so young — I was away from home when I was 16 — that I really didn't know my dad for a long time. And I made up my mind that I wasn't going to let that happen to Marty, Mark, Murray and Cathy. I make a special effort to do things with them so we'll have memories. I took Marty and Mark to Ecuador fishing, and I'm planning a trip with Murray up to White River, and last year for Cathy's birthday I took her to New York City. Bobby's dad thinks this way — they do a lot of things together — and when you get good people thinking behind you it means a lot.

The best thing I can say about Bobby Orr is that he's one of the best things that has happened to the game of hockey in a long time. Not only has he got the talent, but he's such a level-headed guy. He really impresses me. Some nights I'd be sitting on the bench when we were playing Boston. I'd be watching Orr. When he's on the ice, in Boston or anywhere else, he can control the game. He sets the pace and if he's flying, my God. Anyway, I'd be watching from the bench and I'd turn to Alex Delvecchio and I'd say, "Did you see that? *Did you see that?*" ■





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GOTHIC AVENUE from page 36

Something that the politicians who hate the place, and never visit it, forget is that Rochdale is so obviously and completely an experiment. The people who live and visit in the building were here before it was and will be here after. Rochdale serves a purpose invaluable to many more communities than realize it. It's just that I don't like to live there.

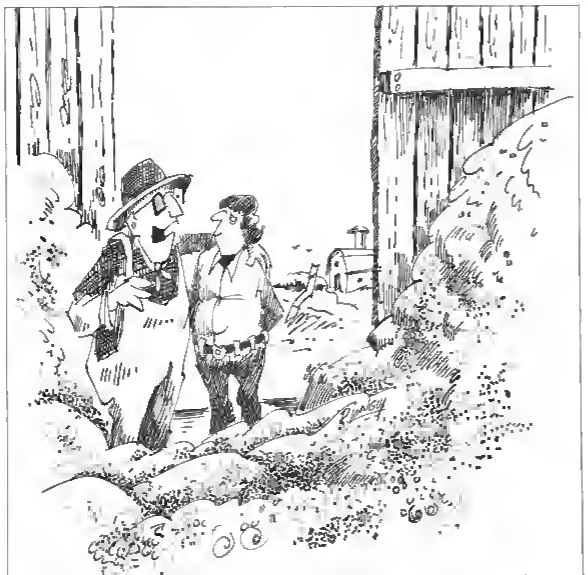
Since I've lived in Toronto, I've acquired a taste for houses with backyards big enough for a dog. But I didn't like the house that Josh found. It was cramped and tiny and the whole thing leaned toward the southwest corner. Josh did like it because it was cheap and had a workroom and a place to park his truck. I wanted a couple more days to look around. There followed a quick and nasty power play in which I was voted down by Josh, Michelle and Dawn. Either I shared that house with them or I shared no house with them.

Bitterly did I do my part in painting, scrubbing and floor sanding. The more work we put into it the more it looked like a dump. I was planning to pay my annual visit to Chicago and told Josh maybe I wouldn't come back. As we were moving into the house, Josh went to his workroom and pulled out my Christmas present. It was a beautiful, huge, kitchen hutch with stained glass and a mirror and all kinds of handy intelligent gadgets built in.

So home goes Penney to think. I got in to Mother's place late on Twelfth Night, had a drink, and woke up to a wide-eyed six-year-old sister's hug. I spent most of my life in a world comprised of me and Bill and Mother. Now when I go home, there's a young un at Mom's and four more at Dad's and I can't get used to it.

But Chicago is always Chicago. There's a half-hour coughing fit at O'Hare while I adjust to the smog. There's thousands of people on the downtown streets all through the day. There's a story in the news about the new "crime wave." There's a funny Mike Royko column in the *Daily News*. And Dick Daley's smile or frown sends fortunes sliding this way and that.

I looked up the dude who was my partner for five years and listened awestruck to news of teen-age friends. So-and-so was pregnant in jail in Panama. So-and-so had shot a cop. So-and-so got shot in New York on a plane he was trying to take to Algeria. Now I had a reputation and Bill another, so my name still brought response. An amazing number of people were still in town. We swapped stories, matched political opinions, and did a little bragging. Before long I found myself singing the same old song.



Just think, son, some day all of this surplus wheat will be yours!

Come to Canada, I'd say. It's a young country, open and free. Come to Toronto in its boom stage. Come watch them repeal laws instead of making more. The States is gonna fall, I'd say. It's gonna topple and decay, and it doesn't matter which side you're on when it goes. Come help make the new life strong while there's time.

(Collecting statistics on the number of young Americans in Canada is like hunting moose with a butterfly net. The Yanks are clearly here, clearly visible, going about their own business. Immigration estimates the number in Toronto at about 12,000. One of the city's underground newspapers claims a community of 60,000 or more. The influx is steady and not always legal. The young people tend to think of moving up here as escaping, and they try to do it quietly. The place we are likely to run into each other is Grossman's Tavern. We go there to buy meat pies and gravy, drink draft and listen to the blues band.)

My mother had to laugh. "You make it sound like the land of milk and honey," she said. I looked at life in Chicago, where the only question is, What's the price? And I knew that, Josh or no Josh, Toronto was where I wanted to live. So back I came.

The relationship, always tumultuous, stood in frantic need of basic repair. It got patchwork instead. I took a job for six months, Civil Service Temporary, in the Department of Transport. The work was tedious but the people were groovy. I saw little of Josh and less of his money. I got a puppy, named her Rebecca, and spent my frustrated affection on her. I got my brother Bill, to keep, and he arrived from Chicago in a state of emotional crisis peculiar to 16-year-olds. In August I almost reached my breaking point when I became agonizingly sick from a baby I lost before I was sure I had it.

Josh didn't want to hear it. He didn't want to know about me. I didn't want to know about him. I didn't want to know whether it was Dawn's or Michelle's bed he'd been in. I didn't want to know where he was staying every night until two or three o'clock. And I blindly refused to see that along about April or May, humming the fool's tune that he was one in a million who could beat it, Josh had started to get into speed.

Speed's poison. It's a cumulative poison too. It carves new, paranoid channels in thought patterns. It drills holes through your liver and kidneys, adding grouchiness to the paranoia. Pile guilt feelings on top of the lot, and you have a man who is apt to lash out at anything he can. I was the closest object. One night he tipped my chin up to look at me and said tenderly, "It's not your fault. I think you're the Establishment."

Sounds like a swan song, right? I should've been so smart. Instead we fought it out until Christmas, making an untidy three years in all. One thing I did made me feel underhanded at the time but proved to be the right action. I went to Steve behind Josh's back and told him I was worried about the speed. Steve said, "Oh, is that the connection between the bad temper and the weight loss?" And he could talk to my man where I could not.

But I've never been called Establishment before, however metaphorically. The major influences on my life were half intellectual (my parents) and

continued on page 100





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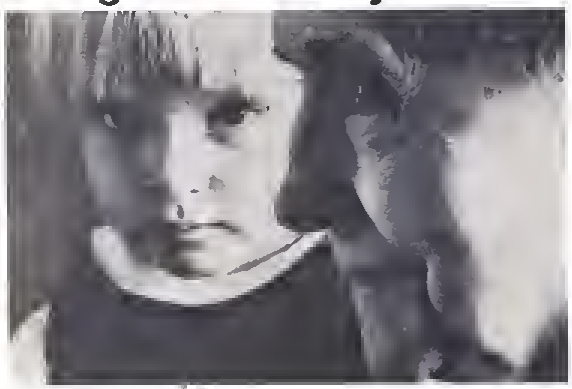


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GOTHIC AVENUE continued

half slum black (my neighbors and peer group) An independent streak, an ingrained distrust of established authority runs solidly through both schools of thought. This is one chicky who's always been on her own, from cooking for SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) at age 15 to sabotaging the computer that ran our high school to running with and then from the Blackstone Rangers A full life but not exactly bourgeois

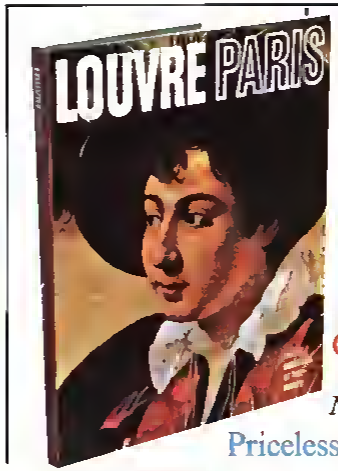
I'm just starting to lose the grogginess that followed the split with Josh. I'm trying to get some sense of myself and my place in the world's drift Canada really seems like a good place to be I think this country might be big enough and young enough to ride out the incredibly massive social changes that our ever-accelerating technological world is going to impose Try to project your mind 20 years in the future. Assuming we're still here, can any single imagination grasp the dimensions of change at our present pace? Could 1971 have been projected from 1951? I think not

I have a good friend who insists that the more things change, the more people go on doing the same old things We shop, we make love, we war and laugh and plant and pick flowers And of course he has a point But that's part of what this whole evolution is about We gotta get back to the basics — I m people, I grow You're people, you grow He's people, he grows Cycles we need, knots we don't

Community we need, centralization we don't Somehow we've got to scramble back through the plastic and chrome, concrete and ticky-tacky and try to dig out a couple of stone-solid things we can all relate to And I'm proud and scared that my generation is doing so much of the scrambling

When it comes right down to getting the hell-out, it doesn't seem to matter where you're going I was lucky I stepped blindly into a house on Gothic Avenue, a quiet neighborly street with about 100 folks like myself Now, you see, we have a peaceful and merry life

It s a warm summer day and I'm writing these sentences on the front porch in the sun My brother Bill has gone to Vancouver He crammed three years of school into one and got a 70 average My dog, Rebecca, is playing on the lawn with the neighbor's dog The guy across the street is trying to organize a party to go swimming in the pool at High Park just down the road The sun comes green-leaf-speckled through the trees and the water sounds very tempting I think I'm going to go. ■



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TELEVISION

BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

Watching the new old shows on television this season, I have found myself idly speculating about the mysteries of embalming. Not only are all the familiar faces back, but none of them has changed a hair in the five, 10 or 15 years each has been on the network. The single sign of life is Pierre Berton's sideburns which, like Rip Van Winkle's beard, grow longer and fuzzier with the passage of the years. Viewers huddle in absorbed silence around the television set trying to detect who has had a face-lift or acquired the most spectacular hairpiece. We share the macabre curiosity of the hushed visitors to Lenin's tomb.

The problem is that even if all performers on Canadian television, including those on the imported American shows, were fired tomorrow, they would be replaced by people exactly like them. Our spooky sense of *deja vu* and our alienation from what we see on the screen is not the fault of individual performers; it comes from a basic discriminatory assumption that only a certain type of person can appear on television. This person fits the white, bourgeois, puritan standards which continue to dominate Canadian life. What we see and who we see are carefully governed by a stylistic code which excludes most of the Canadian population. It is a code based on the supremacy of technology.

WHY WILL THIS MAN NEVER REPLACE LLOYD ROBERTSON?

A hard look at the interview and opinion programs, the shows most of us secretly feel we could get on without any special acting talent, reveals some of the conventions that exclude us.

The television personality is either a clown or a straight man. Clowns, like Gordon Sinclair, are always outrageous. The straight people, like Lloyd Robertson, are never outrageous.

Politeness paralyzes most information programs. Rudeness, anger, joy, profanity — the expression of any strong human emotion — is not permitted. Everyone smiles. Gross insults are absorbed without flinching. Nobody shouts, giggles, weeps, burps, belches or picks his nose. Who ever stomps off the set or rips out the microphone? Only recently has smoking been permitted on camera, and drinking never. With the CBC, this sterility is called "objectivity"; it is really a stiff-upper-lip old British tradition which the BBC has long abandoned. It is hard to take responsible reporters seriously when they are also objects of parody. If only someone would throw a bucket of water on Kay Sigurjonsson.

Television performers must be sophisticated. They must talk effortlessly and never allow silence or embarrassment to grip the studio. They have to be fashionably but not extremely dressed, clean, neat, good-looking, with even white teeth and hair neither too long nor too short. So identical are they that all Canadian and American performers could be interchanged and no one would know the difference. Typical is Lorne Greene who went from the CBC news to *Bonanza* and would probably do equally well on *Take 30 Man Alive*, or *Mr. Dressup*. Bald men don't get on television. Neither do fat women.

TV performers talk alike. Poor grammar, accents, odd inflections, slang, bad pronunciation, weird sentence structure, ethnic expressions and all offbeat, colorful turns of speech are not tolerated. Thus all uneducated people, hippies and immigrants are automatically eliminated, along with many Jews, Ukrainians, Indians and French Canadians. Madame Benoit, as the only French Canadian with an accent to appear regularly on English television, reinforces the idea that all jolly Quebec *mamans* are home making *tourtieres*.

Perhaps the best example of what television can do to people has been the CBC's slow castration of Larry Zolf. If you still doubt its power, can you imagine, and would you tolerate, an Indian, an old woman or a hippie reading the national news?

It is obvious that the assumptions about what makes good television are based on class lines. Poor people do not get on television unless a program is made *about* them, nor do construction workers, farmers, plumbers, old people, bus drivers, salesmen or freaky kids. They might do something unpredictable or vulgar. Clergymen have to buy their time and housewives pitch soap.

But allowing all of us smelly, snaggletoothed people on television under the present system would be futile. Television technology, the supreme middle-class invention, turns all people into automatons. The technical juggernaut is set up to get the program over with as smoothly and quickly as possible. Once in the studio, performers lose control of themselves and the program. Everything is timed, scripted, pre-organized. Ideas, information, opinions lose significance in the face of the enormous physical task of putting a program together. Television technology is an end in itself, programs are only the flesh on which it feeds and the people who survive in it are the uptight, glib, predictable people who can adapt to it. Pity the man on *Viewpoint* who babbles his piece in precisely 4.25 minutes, or the announcer who cries at the film from Pakistan.



The supremacy of technology has produced a television aristocracy. Through the mysterious, complex rituals of television, successful performers are transformed into icons, our national household gods. It doesn't matter if they are alive or dead. Their images are presented to us daily much as the giant photos of Chairman Mao are carried through the streets of China.

Like all class systems, television tends to exploit the people it excludes. Ethnic groups, hard hats, rural people, religious sects make it onto television only as part of a news item or as subjects of a documentary. They provide the raw material. They are categorized, observed, manipulated, interviewed, photographed, edited, scripted and packaged. They quickly learn that the only way to get on TV on their own terms is to do something sensational of which the elite disapprove — picket, strike, riot, bomb, murder. This reaction makes the national news the best show on television, but it's expensive entertainment. It is imperative that both networks somehow open up the airwaves to real people. ■

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg television producer

FILMS
BY JOHN HOFSESS

RIPPING IT OFF, BLOWING IT UP, COOLING IT

Even as an adolescent I disliked "youth movies." *Rebel Without A Cause*, *The Blackboard Jungle*, *Splendor In The Grass*, *The Young Savages*, *Nobody Waved Good-bye* among others, served only to convince me there was no intelligent way of being young. I wanted to grow. I was willing to pay the price of my errors. I didn't want to be pandered to and encouraged to believe that "cretinous is beautiful."

When Joseph Losey's *The Servant* was released in 1963 it seemed an unduly cold, austere vision of human behavior. It was misjudged. *The Servant* is the most psychologically astute and prophetic film made about youth in the last decade. Its subject is the politics of pleasure. Every form of pleasure is depicted as a potentially debilitating weakness, with power being transferred to those who purvey pleasures and profit from them but remain detached from their thraldom. Affection and sex were viewed merely as devices for domination and enslavement. As he exposed the power struggle that lies beneath the surface of sensual pleasures, Losey asks — repeatedly, insistently, what no "youth movie" has ever attempted to answer — *who* is gaining moral, intellectual, economic and political power over you while you indulge yourself in sweetdream drugs and desultory lusts? Before flower children went seedy, before the Beatles who used to sing *Love Is All You Need* began squabbling over money, copyrights and making bitchy remarks about one another's wives, and other rock stars — Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison — began dropping from the sky, it was possible to evade Losey's question. The cheery bloom of cheeky youth was in the air. Not just another generation but a different generation. To hear us speak of it, you'd think a new species had been spawned. One that could escape the gravitational force of human nature.

By the time one reaches *The Panic In Needle Park*, *Dusty And Sweets McGee*, *Bless The Beasts And Children* and, in particular, Don Shebib's *Rip-Off*, Clarke Mackey's *The Only Thing You Know*, and Peter Watkins' *Punishment Park*, it is clear that directors recognize that youth culture has curdled. For years everything shoddy, hypocritical and evil has been blamed on other (older) people. Now it's youth's turn to accept responsibility for the dreary mess of its own subculture.

Don Shebib's *Rip-Off* (subtitled *Trying To Find Your Own Thing*) is from the team — producer Bennet Fode, writer William Fruet, photographer Richard Leiterman — that created *Goin' Down The Road*. *Rip-Off* is supposed to be a comedy and sometimes it is — but while some good-natured spoofing of the intense, humorless youth scene is needed, the fault here is that acting as comic foils the characters seem even dumber than usual. Four high-school chums start a rock band called *Arctic Madness*, sound like *Sha Na Na* on a bad night and wisely pack it in. They try setting up a commune near Timmins — that lasts four days. They do some dope in the washroom and a teacher makes one of them write "I will not be stoned in class" several hundred times on a blackboard. The film is so uneven — annoyingly cute and predictable in one scene, genuinely funny and original the next — that it seems slapdash. Twenty-year-old Sue Helen Petrie makes a smashing debut and has a great time stealing scenes from everyone else in the movie. *Goin' Down The Road* is a descendant of Shebib's student and television films notably *Revival* and *Good Times, Bad Times*. Over a period of about five years Shebib evolved a documentary style suffused with a wry, ironic humanism. It's a superb style for needling the sacred cows of the establishment and the sanctimonious bull of counter-culture groups. The best scenes in *Rip-Off* are done in that style. Parents aren't depicted as shrill, neurotic harpies and young people aren't given a self-congratulatory snow job. But *Rip-Off* is engaged in a thankless task. Audiences at the recent Canadian Film Awards guffawed every time a screen character said "groovy," "far out" or "out of sight" (nine of the 13 features shown had such a character, usually the film's token pothead). They weren't laughing with discernment at bad scripting. It was the hypocritical laughter of people who found only the quaintness of yesterday's slanguage ridiculous. It illustrates the danger to any film maker who bows to trendy things. Exploit the public's infirmities and the public will revenge itself.



Rip Off

Peter Watkins, the 34-year-old British director of *The War Game* and *Privilege* vents his spleen in *Punishment Park*. The time is tomorrow. The United States government is rounding up thousands of young dissidents, giving them mock trials and sentencing them to Death Valley where they are hunted down and shot by National Guardsmen. Intoxicated with paranoia, Watkins directs the 88-minute color film with the white heat of pure madness. Though he seems to side with the young and revile the Establishment — possibly because he figures that's the side his bread is buttered on — both sides of this sharply polarized film are so grotesque that he succeeds only in dropping a bomb on all of them.

Clarke Mackey's *The Only Thing You Know* is the best of the lot and that's unfortunate. Confined to 16 mm and a budget of $23,000, the 20-year-old Toronto film maker has made a fine first feature which few people will see until it is blown up to 35 mm or purchased for television. *The Only Thing You Know* tells in about 15 episodes the experiences of a young girl as she leaves home, falls in love, finds herself used, and gradually steels herself for the future. It's a beautiful, unpretentious film that eschews fast-motion gimmicks, slow-motion clichés, and concentrates on telling us more, bringing us closer to, contemporary youth than any big budget, slickly packaged "youth movie" in recent years. Because the film was made entirely by young people it avoids being condescending to its characters — what is amazing is that it also avoids self-righteousness and sentimentality. What *The Only Thing You Know* proves to me is that — at last — there is an intelligent way of being young. ■

John Hofsess is a prizewinning Canadian film director

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MUSIC

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

The next New Thing in pop music will be — are you ready? — Oriental rock. Six months from now one of those how-to-do-the (name of new dance, e.g. funky chicken) songs, this one called something like *Doing The Chou En-lai*, will make the Top 40, George Harrison will trade in his sitar for a koto, the Japanese equivalent, and a new group called Peking Duck or maybe Yellow Peril will popularize those shapeless, colorless uniforms worn by bad guys in all those terrible Korean war movies.

It came to me, this insane revelation, as I was working my way through some new albums. One of the really nice things about writing a music column (although admitting it is like admitting you buy *Playboy* not for Updike and Roth but for the pictures; honest but demeaning) is that record companies send you free copies of new albums. Loot. Movie critics get passes from Famous Players, book reviewers assemble magnificent libraries, theatre critics get free tickets to the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. I get records.

LET'S CHOU EN-LAI LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER



As a teen-ager I used to lie awake at night stalking up and down the illuminated dial of the plastic mantle radio beside my bed hunting for stations in such faraway places as Nashville and St. Louis, where — (*attention nationalists*) — they got new records a couple of weeks before they were released in Canada. It was on a Cleveland station at about one in the morning that I first heard Buddy Holly's *That'll Be The Day*, and I was so excited I twisted the dial until dawn hoping to hear it again. When I was 17 I dropped out of the rock band in which I played at singing and rhythm guitar (I used to comb my hair like Ricky Nelson and imagined there was a resemblance) and prepared to become a disc jockey, taping hour-long shows with a Seabreeze portable record player and an antique dictaphone (my ideal was a super-cool Salt Lake City jazz deejay named Al "Jazzbo" Collins). I'm nearly 30 now — still younger, I keep reminding myself, than John Lennon and Bob Dylan — and, although I haven't made it as a rock star or a disc jockey, my craving for pop music hasn't diminished in the slightest. Some people learn to read and carry on a lifelong affair with books. With me it was learning to turn on a radio. I love records, and I look forward with childlike enthusiasm to the hours I spend each month reviewing more of them than I could ever afford to buy on my own.

Anyway, I was listening to this pile of new albums and not enjoying myself as much as I usually do when something I'd been vaguely aware of for weeks and even months came suddenly into focus: nothing is happening out there. It's not so much that there's a lack of good music — although there is. It's that even the good stuff, that one album in every 10, is beginning to sound, as John Lennon says, like Muzak to my ears. It's as if it all came out of the same recording studio, the same producers and session men.

Where have all the *artists* gone? Of course! Gone to graveyards everyone. I'd never stopped to add the toll up. Jimi Hendrix is dead. Bob Dylan is playing dead, the Beatles, gone their separate ways, might as well be dead. Which, particularly in this year of what critic Robert Christgau calls the International Pop Music Community (George Harrison sits in with Dr. John, Eric Clapton sits in with Stephen Stills, Leon Russell sits in with everybody), leaves pop music with a lot of great players and no leaders.

So it's oldies but goodies time. To begin, two changes of pace. *Surf's Up* (Reprise RS6453) in which the Beach Boys, those tanned and happy apostles of the Annette Funicello-Frankie Avalon school of social thought discover such un-fun-fun-fun things as pollution, poverty, student unrest, etc., and *Bark* (RCA FTR 1001), being a return to earth, somewhere; one suspects, in the vicinity of Nashville, of the Jefferson Airplane. One great blues album: *The London Howlin' Wolf Session* (Chess 60008) with Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman, which is a joyful coming together of an aging black American bluesman and his young, white British admirers. One musical document: *Link Wray* (Polydor 2425 067) brings back a name from the past (he made a very important hit, a guitar instrumental entitled *Rumble*, in 1958) and should interest anyone who is too young to remember what it was about Elvis Presley et al that so excited teen-agers in the Fifties. More of the same: new albums from John Sebastian, *Four of Us* (Reprise MS 2041), Joan Baez, *Blessed Are* . . . (Vanguard VSD 6570/1), and Paul Butterfield, *Sometimes I Just Feel Like Smilin'* (Electra EKS 75013). Locally, Bruce Cockburn's second album *High Winds White Sky* (True North TN3) isn't nearly as affecting as his first but is technically perfect and worth having if only for the song *One Day I Walk*, and despite the syrupy production *David Wiffen* (Fantasy 8411) is a very good first album from a talented composer-performer and alumnus of the now defunct *Three's A Crowd*.

Slim pickings. These quiet times occur every now and then, and it's because they invariably signal the imminence of some new aural experience (God knows, if there's anything the record industry is prepared to fight it's quiet) that I grasped at once the significance of the first band on side two of Moby Grape's new album *20 Granite Creek* (Reprise RS 6460), an instrumental called *Chinese Song*. Yes, the koto. I mean it's all so perfectly clear. President Nixon makes that friendly visit to China in the spring and America, which has been reading the *Reader's Digest*'s warning about the teeming masses of Asia for so long it is now genuinely afraid is so overcome with relief it rushes to embrace oriental culture. Enter Peking Duck. Well, it's possible.

Also recommended: *The Complete Symphonies of Haydn, Volume Two* (London STS 15131/4) a four-album set — eight symphonies, numbers 57 to 64, performed by the Philharmonia Hungarica under the direction of Antal Dorati. *Trois Concertos Baroque* (Classic 991 048) — L'Ensemble Instrumental de France and flutist Maxence Larrieu play C. P. E. Bach, J. J. Quantz and J. M. Leclair. ■

John Macfarlane is an associate editor of Maclean's



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BOOKS
BY
DONALD CAMERON

"He cometh in like a blizzard and he goeth out like a lantern. He is the terror of Flat Knock. He cuffs the first official he comes to just to get his hand in and leads the next one out by the ear, and pointing eastward informs him the walking is good as far as St. Paul. He wants to know why this was not done and why this was done. If the answers are not satisfactory there is a dark and bloody tragedy enacted right there. During each act all the characters are killed off and in the last scene the heavy villain is filled with dynamite, struck with a hammer, and by the time he has knocked a hole plumb through the sky and the smoke has cleared away Van Horne has discharged all the officials and hired them over again at lower figures."

If *The Last Spike*, the second volume of Pierre Berton's *The Great Railway* (McClelland and Stewart, $10), has a hero, it is surely William Cornelius Van Horne. The Winnipeg *Sun's* columnist R. K. Kerrighan — who liked to sign himself "The Dervish Khan, The Screamer of Qu'Appelle" — went on to admit that "Van Horne is calm and harmless looking." But, he continued, "So is a she-mule, and so is a buzz saw. You don't know their true inwardness till you go up and feel of them." The true inwardness of Van Horne and his fellow actors, from fiscal movers and shakers like George Stephen down to indentured coolies like Pon Git Cheng, make Berton's work absorbing reading.

BERTON, VAN HORNE AND THE TOURING RABBIT



But *The Great Railway* is not simple narrative. Berton is at pains to show why the railway mattered. In the 1880s Canada was penned between the Atlantic, the Arctic and the Great Lakes, with claims to vast western territories it could only reach through the United States. British Columbia was restive. Quebec was claiming it wasn't a province *comme les autres* and asking special arrangements. When it got them the rest of the country was furious. American designs on Canadian resources worried people. And Americans seemed to be pouring into Canada, taking the good jobs.

So Berton's book is no mere historical curiosity: the issues he talks about are with us still. The relations between business and government, between capital and labor, between nationalism and capitalism — these are our friction points, too. And though Berton is obviously attracted to leaders like Van Horne, he does not conceal that in many ways Van Horne was a ruthless and willful snob — a union buster, a price fixer, an exploiter of cheap labor. Thomas Shaughnessy, another CPR mogul, would not ride the same elevator with an employee. Other CPR officials made fortunes manipulating stocks and lands. The Sifton brothers made theirs on CPR construction contracts.

The Last Spike contains the basic materials for a long overdue radical reassessment of the CPR and its relations with the Canadian government, and at times Berton seems tempted to provide it. Evidently the company was worried enough to deny him access to the letters of Van Horne and other company officers. "The reason given to me," writes Berton, "was that it would not be in the public interest to make such documents available." The "public" interest?

In the early days the government couldn't tell the difference either. 'The day the Canadian Pacific busts,' John A. Macdonald's Minister of Railways, John Henry Pope, warned the Prime Minister, "the Conservative party busts the day after.' The argument was good enough to win the company another $22 million in loans.

Yet the railway was not built by loans and subsidies but by men: navvies, as Gordon Lightfoot's *Canadian Railway Trilogy* reminds us, 'livin' on stew, and drinkin' bad whiskey.' In *The Last Spike*, the navvies get their innings, too, like the militiamen from Kingston and Halifax jouncing west over the new line to put down the Riel rebellion, and the laborers unblushingly described by the Winnipeg *Sun* as "the beardless and immoral children of China." In fact, as Berton records, the fare was worse than stew, and the whiskey a vile mixture of liquor, water, bluestone, oil of smoke and black tea.

Much of the pleasure of *The Last Spike* — and why couldn't Berton find an original title? — flows from the workmen's lively talk. One grim Christmas eve, a gang of navvies isolated for months east of Port Arthur passed around a woman's photograph. One tough old tobacco chewer gazed at it long before passing it back. A moment later he said to himself, very quietly, 'My God — but women are fine things.' On hearing that Pile of Bones had been renamed Regina, Fred Scoble exploded at this "double-barreled forty-horse-power fool of a name." A surveyor traveling across the plains of Saskatchewan remarked that the country was so barren that a touring rabbit would have to carry his lunch with him.

All the same, *The Great Railway* really stars the spiky and profane Major Rogers, who discovered the pass through the Selkirks, the Olympian fur trader Donald Smith, Macdonald, Stephen, Tupper, Van Horne. Berton is fascinated by these energetic men. Were they all as determined and colorful as he portrays them, or are they in part products of his own ideal of manhood? Certainly Berton has much in common with them.

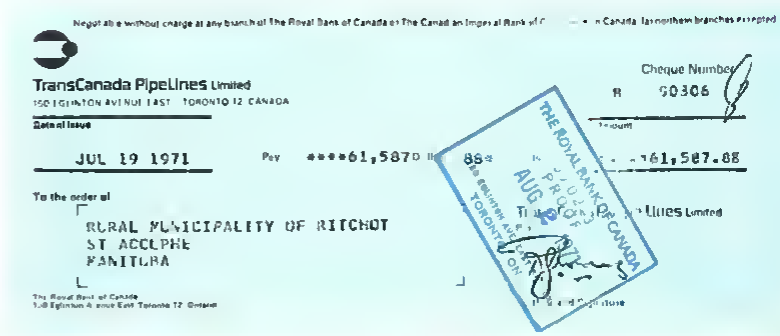
Perhaps such men need power or fame — or perhaps they resist death by scrawling VAN HORNE WAS HERE across the face of a continent. But Van Horne's name is written in the blood of hundreds of workers who died by the west-running steel, and no one remembers their names at all.

The Possibilities of Canada are Truly Great! — Memoirs 1906-1924, by Martin Nordegg, The Macmillan Company of Canada, $9.95. A silent partner of Mackenzie and Mann, the tempestuous twins who perpetuated the great Canadian railway boom started by the CPR, Martin Nordegg was a German immigrant who arrived in Canada during the great land boom at the turn of the century. On intimate terms with powerful financiers on both sides of the Atlantic, Nordegg personified a heroic time in Canadian history and this book is an important social and economic document of the first great era of Canadian resource development. ■

Don Cameron teaches English at the University of New Brunswick



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